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SCENES AT BETHLEHEM.



VIEW OF BETHLEHEM.

A LITTLE less than six miles south of Jerusalem, on a hill rising some two thousand five hundred feet above the Mediterranean Sea, from which it is distant nearly forty miles in a straight line, stands the now renowned village of Bethlehem. I say the "now" renowned, for it was not regarded as one of earth's noted places until long after the commencement of the Christian era, although the birthplace of Israel's greatest king and poet. Now, however, few places can boast of a wider fame than can this little Judean village. Indeed, in the expressive language of a recent traveler, it is "to the Christian the holiest place on earth." It is one of the oldest villages not only in Palestine, but in the world, though the first record we have of it is under an-

other name, and accompanied by a tale of touching sorrow. An old man, the chief of a tribe of wandering shepherds, was here suddenly deprived by death of the companionship of a most beloved wife under circumstances of peculiar interest. She died in giving birth to her second child. The dying mother had only strength to name her son. She called him, in token of the circumstances, Benoni—*son of my sorrow*. For seven years had that man served the father of that woman, that by his labor he might earn the amount at which the father valued his daughter's services. According to the toiler's own account that service was a hard one. "In the day," he says, "the drought [heat] consumed me, and the frost by night, and my sleep departed from mine

eyes;" yet those seven years of toil "seemed to him but a few days, for the love he had to her." Well it is that love "knows no burdens." Such records—and they might be multiplied by the million, knew we the his-



RACHEL'S TOMB.

tory of all faithful loves—are among the most ennobling incidents appertaining to the lives of the race. The conclusion of this love-story is that "Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem; and Jacob set a pillar upon her grave, that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day." That "pillar," we suppose, was no finely-chiseled monument, and bore no highly-wrought epitaph. It was probably but a rough stone, perhaps accidentally lying by the roadside, or, it may be, a mere heap of stones thrown upon her grave; but it silently told its story, and when Moses wrote his history hundreds of years afterward, the pillar or cairn was still there. The expression "unto this day," may have been added by some later hand, but if so by whom or when is not known. The pillar has long since disappeared, but on the spot indicated by the sacred narrative a rude, dome covered mausoleum still attracts the reverence of Jews, Christians, and Mussulmans. Robinson describes the tomb as a small, square building of stone with a dome, and within it a tomb in the ordinary Mohammedan form, the whole plastered over with mortar. The

general correctness of the tradition which has fixed upon this spot for the tomb of Rachel can not well be doubted, since it is fully supported by the circumstance of Scriptural narrative. ("Biblical Researches," vol. i,

pp. 322, 323.) Bartlett calls it "the undisputed burial-place of the beloved Rachel." "The sepulcher which is called the tomb of Rachel exactly agrees with the spot described as 'a little way from Bethlehem.'" (Stanley.) Rabbi Schwarz, himself "for sixteen years a resident of the Holy Land," says, "It is my conviction that the monument marks correctly the grave of Rachel." This author says, "The building was renovated, and the dome furnished by Sir Moses Montefiore, of London, in 1841." W. M. Thomson says ("Land and Book," page 501), "By the singular consent of all authorities in such questions, it marks the actual

site of her grave."

In the early history of the settlement of the Israelites in their long-promised land, Bethlehem has a place. I say long-promised, for it was not less than 475 years (our chronology) from the time of its distinctive promise to Abram to the distribution of the land by Joshua, the son of Nun, and Eleazar, the son of Aaron, the former the political and civil leader of the people, the latter their high-priest, and especially regarded as the representative of Jehovah. No other people ever had so good a title to an earthly inheritance as had these since the day that God placed Adam in Eden. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof" and "He giveth it to whomsoever he will." But for no other people had he in express terms selected a country, and given it them as an inheritance from himself; not only marking out for them its length and breadth, but distributing it among their families as he would. In this division Bethlehem, or a portion thereof, fell to the lot of Salmon (or Salmon), prince of Judah, called (1 Chron. ii, 51) "the father," or chief of Bethlehem. He was probably a descendant—perhaps

grandson—of that noble Judaite Hur, who was joined with Aaron in the holding up of Moses' hands while engaged in prayer during Israel's first battle with the Amalekites, as mentioned Exod. xvii, 8-12. He afterward took to wife that Rahab of Jericho, who received the Israelitish spies, and so became the ancestor of the Boaz who married Ruth. Of course Rahab had now become a convert to the faith and worship of Jehovah.

But although the Israelites had acquired possession of Canaan, they had not succeeded in ridding the land of the presence and influence of the nations they had subjugated. Very many of these remained in the country not merely in an individual capacity, but in large communities, still keeping up their ancient usages and worship. These became a snare to the Hebrews, and led them, in many cases, not only into the formation of forbidden alliances, but into absolute idolatry. Chastisements of various kinds followed disobedience, and produced temporary amendments; but, alas! their goodness was often like the early dew, and speedily vanished away.

It was probably as an infliction for some such transgression that a severe famine fell upon the land, and led some of the inhabitants to seek relief among the adjoining nations, where the infliction from which Israel was suffering was either not felt or was less severe. Among those driven from

Bethlehem—that "house of bread"—was one Elimelech who, with his wife and two sons, sought refuge in Moab, where, ultimately, he and his sons died; the boys leaving each a childless widow. Of course these sons' wives were Moabites, and, judging from Ruth i, 15, idolaters at that. Thus bereft, Naomi, Elimelech's widow, who had learned that the Lord had again "visited his people in giving them bread," determined to return to her early home and end her days among her own people. She therefore took an affectionate leave of her daughters-in-law, commanding them for their kindness to herself, and "to

the dead," and advised each to return to her mother's house. One of them did return, but the other determined to accompany her mother-in-law, asserting her resolution so to do in the memorable words: "Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried." Grand and wise resolve.

The result was that Naomi returned to her early home accompanied by her devoted daughter-in-law, who had not only forsaken



RUTH AND NAOMI.

her own country and family, but especially had turned from the worship of her false gods, and had become a devotee of the God of Israel and cast herself upon his protection. This view should not be overlooked or lightly regarded. The travelers arrived at Bethlehem in the opening of the barley harvest, in the early months of Summer. Shortly after their arrival, prompted, probably, by their need, and in keeping with the simple and kindly custom of the country, Ruth sought Naomi's permission to allow her to go and glean after the reapers in the grain fields of Bethlehem. Providen-



RUTH GLEANING IN THE FIELDS OF BOAZ.

tially "her hap was to light on a part of the field" belonging unto one Boaz, a wealthy Bethlehemite, who was of the kindred of Elimelech, her deceased father-in-law. Of this relationship and proprietorship Ruth was probably at this time ignorant. In illustration of the phraseology, it may not be amiss to remark, that formerly almost universally in the East, and largely so at the present time, arable lands (except gardens and orchards) are devoid of fences and hedges. "A line of single stones at wide intervals, a small ridge of earth, or an equally small trench or gutter," says Kitto, "form the principal classes of landmarks, so that a large cultivated plain will appear as one unbroken field," although it may really belong to, and be worked by several families. Hence the removal of boundary marks was deemed a highly criminal offense and heavily punished.

While the Moabitess was gleaning Boaz came from Bethlehem to visit his reapers. We thus learn that his grain fields were not in the village of Bethlehem proper, but in the surrounding country distant a mile or more from the city. He soon noticed the strange gleaner, and on inquiry learned her history. Well disposed toward her by what he heard, he gave orders that she should not be molested, but favored; and then kindly addressing her, he commended her, especially in that she had "come to trust under the wings of the Lord God of Israel;" thus intimating his knowledge of her having become a worshiper of Jehovah. He thus, also, illustrated the piety of his own character—a good example for imitation.

Ruth's report to Naomi of this kindness (when in the evening she returned with the fruit of her toil) seems to have suggested to the latter the idea of advising Ruth to claim

from the wealthy Bethlehemite the relation guaranteed by what is known as the levirate law to widows who had never been mothers. This law grew out of the fact that the whole land was by division held by the various Israelitish families in fee simple, *but not in common*; and no portion could be *permanently* estranged from the family to which it was first allotted. The first grand division was the tribal one—a certain portion being allotted, by supposed divine direction, to each tribe. This was divided by the number of families *originally* belonging to the tribe—each son of the original head of the tribe being accounted *the head of a family*. Then, again, the allotment was subdivided into as many parts as there were *actual* families appertaining to the more general division of heads of families. These estates, necessarily small, could not be *permanently* estranged, either by sale or other mode of forfeiture, so long as there were living persons of *that family* to claim them; but reverted every fiftieth year, known as the year of jubilee, back to the family to which they formerly belonged.

Closely connected with this law of inheritance, though not growing out of it (for it was in existence long before the days of Moses, Gen. xxxviii, 8, 9,) was what is now known as the levirate law (from a Latin law term signifying a husband's brother), under which any Israelitish widow who had never had a male child could claim from the nearest male relative of her deceased husband the relation of wife until she should become the mother of a boy, the child ranking in law as the offspring of its mother's deceased husband, and so as his representative, heir to his property, thus preventing its passing out of the family, and the name from being "put out of Israel." The relative on whom this claim might be made, could, however, decline assuming the position, though it was deemed dishonorable so to do.

Out of this property question, too, as thus regulated by law, grew the absolute necessity for the keeping of genealogical tables by which all rights of descent could be settled. It was by means of these that the human descent of our Lord Jesus was

proven. The modern Jews ignore this levirate law; indeed, it is stated that not unfrequently marriage settlements contain a distinct clause against it.

In a peculiar, though very modest manner, this claim was made by Ruth on Boaz. Owing, perhaps, to the distance of the harvest-field from Bethlehem; Boaz, with his several work people, slept on the threshing-floor. Ruth, having been instructed by Naomi, cautiously approached his resting place when asleep, and laying herself down crosswise near his feet, carefully drew over herself a small portion of the large cloak in which he slept, thus signifying her claim for his protection.* When Boaz discovered Ruth and learned her object, he informed her that there was a nearer relative than himself, and on him the claim must be first made. Should he, however, decline assuming the obligation, Boaz assured her that he would assume it. The offer being made to the nearer kinsman it was declined, and in token of such declination he slipped off his shoe and handed it, before witnesses, to Boaz, by this act transferring his claim to the wife and property to Boaz.† The ordinary congratulations of Boaz followed—"The Lord make the woman that is come into thine house like Rachel and like Leah, which two did build the house of Israel, and get thee riches in Ephratah, and be famous in Bethlehem." "Famous" they, indeed, became in their descendants, for Boaz and Ruth were the great grand-parents of David, the second and greatest king of Israel, the sweet psalmist to whom the whole Church of God is more indebted for its devotional power than to any other man, and progenitors of the humanity of the Lord Jesus

* It was anciently, and still is, a custom in some countries, not only among Jews but Arabs and other Easterns, when a marriage is solemnized for some one to take up the end of the bridegroom's robe and place it upon the bride's head—a distinct allusion to this ancient ceremony. Ezekiel alludes to the same custom when he represents the Lord as saying to the Jewish Church (Chap. xvi, 8,) "I spread my skirt over thee, . . . and thou becamest mine;" has, figuratively married to him.

† May not our common proverb of "standing in another's shoes," when a second party assumes the obligations and duties of another, have had its rise in some such custom?

Christ, one of whose most frequent titles is, "Son of David."

From Numbers i, 7, and ii, 3, we learn that the "head," "captain," or "prince"

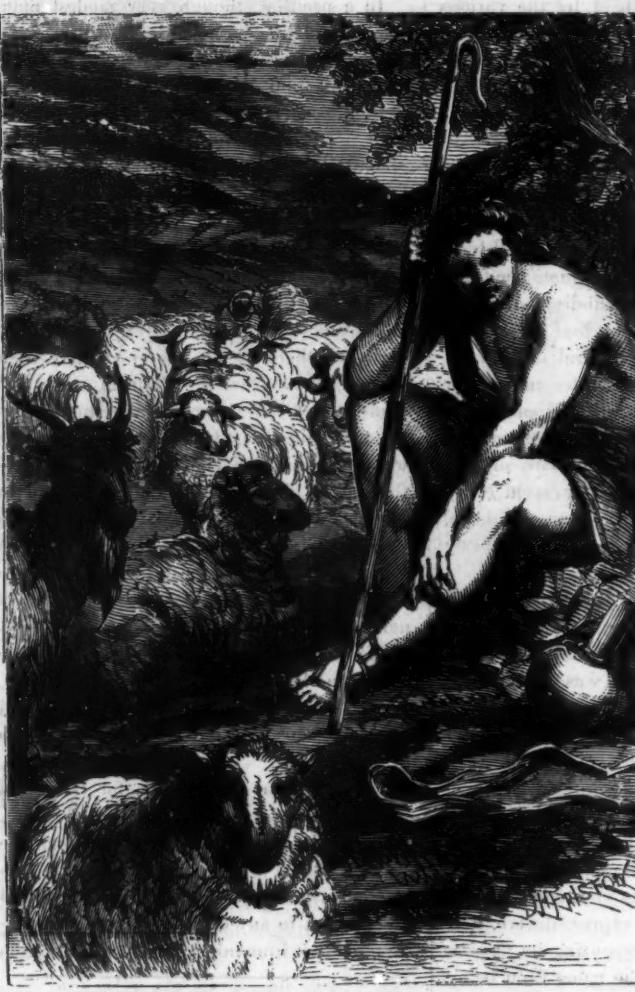
of the tribe.* We are not aware, however, that this position conferred on its holder any other benefit than that of recognized leadership. After the establishment of the monarchy, whatever influence was attached to this position was largely superseded by the kingship. Why the first king was not chosen from this tribe does not appear. Could it have been conferred on Saul of Benjamin because he stood "higher from his shoulders and upward than any of the people?"

About 1063 B. C., Saul being then on the throne of Israel, though he had been rejected by Jehovah, Samuel the prophet was commanded by Jehovah to go to Bethlehem and celebrate there a sacrificial festival at the house of its chief, Jesse, and there anoint to the future kingship of Israel one of his eight sons, though which one he did not yet know. The prophet was loath to comply with this behest, for he well knew that in

this case the act of anointing symbolized the destruction or deposition, at no very distant day, of Saul, to whom he was strongly attached, and over whose wayward-

(as he is called, 1 Chron. ii, 10) of the tribe of Judah was Nahshon, from whom, in a direct line, descended as his great-great-grandson, Jesse the father of David. It thus appears that the hereditary headship of the tribe was in this family, so that even so early as this, though Bethlehem was "little," yet here was the home of the ruler

*As a pleasing incidental proof of the correctness of this view of hereditary leadership, we find that even during the monarchy, not David, but Eliab, Jesse's oldest son was "over the tribe" of Judah. See 1 Chron. xxvii, 18, marginal note.



DAVID AMONG HIS SHEEP.

ness and folly he had long and deeply mourned. But as he could obtain no reversal of the command, he went.

The feast being all prepared, seven of Jesse's sons were severally presented to Samuel, but to his astonishment there came to him no divine intimation to anoint any one of them. Perplexed, he inquired of Jesse whether these were all the sons he had. Learning that there was yet another, the youngest, yet in his teens, a lad whose presence had been deemed of so little account that he had not been even informed of what was taking place, the prophet directed him to be sent for, and on his coming the divine intimation was given to the prophet, "Arise, anoint him, for this is he." At once the prophet rose, and poured upon the head of the ruddy, beautiful lad, the sacred oil. The testimony then is, "that the Spirit of the Lord came upon David from that day forward."

"At a short distance to the south of Bethlehem is a fine and rather extensive plain covered with rich pasture, where David, no doubt, often led the flocks of his father. One part of this plain, inclosed by low hills planted with olive trees and partly cultivated, is still called the Shepherds' Field, from a tradition that it was in this place the shepherds of Bethlehem were watching their flocks by night" when the angel proclaimed to them the glad tidings of the Savior's birth. Still farther south, but possibly within the range of David's sheep walks, is the small valley where his son and

successor, Solomon, laid out his pleasure grounds, and where he made him "gardens and orchards, and pools of water," the wady Urtas. The reservoirs at the south end of this valley, called the Pools of Solomon, still attract the attention of travelers. Amid the undulations of these hills and vales David passed his pastoral life, in the health-giving duties of which life he acquired the activity, bodily strength, and courage which seem to have early distinguished him, and a glimpse of which we may obtain from his own confession as recorded in Psalm xviii, 32-34. "It is God that girdeth me with strength. He maketh my feet like hinds' feet. He teacheth my hands to war, so that a bow of steel"—probably meaning by that term a bow of brass or bronze, as the manufacture of steel was then, it may be supposed, an unknown art—"is broken by mine arms." But a higher note of praise is uttered when he immediately exclaims, "Thou hast also given me the shield of thy salvation; thy right hand hath holden me up; thy gentleness hath made me great." Where shall we find a more beautiful and suggestive expression than this last—"thy gentleness hath made me great?" How much of patient forbearance, tender care, and unwearying love is implied in that "gentleness!"

But before leaving these "scenes at Bethlehem," we must bring forward another picture which, beyond all others, reveals the strange, magnetic influence of David's character over others, and made them desirous of contributing to his pleasure at any hazard.



SOLOMON'S POOLS.

It is taken from a scene later in life. David had fallen—apparently by no fault of his own—under the violent displeasure of Saul, and had been obliged to fly for his life. He, with a number of armed and marauding followers, was at the time hiding in the cave of Adullam, which is generally supposed to have lain a few miles east of Bethlehem, between that village and the Dead Sea, but which Conder, in his recent "Tent Work in Palestine," places west of Bethlehem. Be its location where it may, David was at this time in the cave. In a tender recollection of early days, came to him a passionate longing for a draught of the water which in those days had often quenched his thirst and given him refreshment, and he exclaimed; "O that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate!" Bethlehem was at that time in possession of the Philistines, and a garrison of theirs stationed there. Hearing the exclamation, three of his followers took a pitcher and privately started to cut their way through the Philistine troops, to obtain the coveted water. Having accomplished their purpose, they triumphantly bore the refreshing fluid to David. Now, however, the religious element of his character comes to the surface. Deeming the water, from the risks run in its procurement, to be the price of blood, and, therefore, too valuable for ordinary use, he reverently offered it as a libation to Jehovah.

A few years after the anointing of David, and probably before he had attained to the full vigor of manhood, but while he was still employed among his sheep, the Philistines invaded the territory of Judah, not, it would seem, as a mere marauding party, but in great force, intending the subjugation of the kingdom of Israel. They gathered in one of the larger valleys west of Bethlehem, their encampment stretching from Socoh toward Azekah. This latter city was near the spot where Joshua slew the five kings as mentioned in Joshua x, 10, 11. It is probably now represented by Tell Takariyah, in the north-west side of the valley of Elah. The former place has been identified with the ruins of Esh-shuweikah, in the wady

Sum. This valley is thus described by Porter:

"The morning sun had already bathed in ruddy light the mountain tops round Beit Nettif, and thrown their shadows far out across Philistia's plain, when we began the steep descent through terraced vineyards and olive groves to the valley of Elah. It is about a quarter of a mile wide, its sides rising steeply, but not precipitously, to the height of five hundred feet or more. Through the center winds a torrent bed, now dry, but thickly covered with smooth white stones and fringed with shrubs. On reaching the valley we turned to the right, and rode about a mile down it through grain fields. We saw on the left bank, above us, the gray ruins of Shocoh, and we knew that we now stood on the battle-field of David and Goliath. We saw the positions of the two armies at a single glance. The Philistines were ranged along the side of the ridge at Shocoh, and the Israelites occupied the declivity opposite. Between lay the valley, then called Elah, from its 'labyrinth' trees, and now Sumpt from its 'acacias.'"

Dr. Robinson, who visited the same place in May, 1838 [the peasants being then in the midst of their barley harvest*], says: "We now pursued our way down the valley, rejoicing in having been able to discover and visit the spot where the youthful warrior and poet, in firm reliance on the God of Israel, made his first glorious essay as the champion of his people. At forty minutes after seven (in the morning) we reached a well by the wayside, about twenty-five or thirty feet deep, with several drinking troughs of wood. At eight o'clock wady es Sumpt turned to the right, nearly north, passing off between Tell Zakariya (Azekah) on the left and the village of the same name on the right, perhaps half an hour (a mile and a half) distant, and then bending again more to the left (south) and running to the plain toward the seacoast."

The story of the fight is too well known to need repetition here.

*The wheat was partially green, and would not be ready to harvest until two weeks later.



ANNUNCIATION OF THE ANGEL.

But the event which especially makes Bethlehem famous is that it was there our Lord Jesus, the Christ, was born. Prophecy had, long before his appearance among men, designated this rural village as the scene of that wonderful occurrence (read Micah v, 2); and as evidence that such was the commonly received understanding of the prediction, it will be recollected that when the Eastern magi, mentioned by Matthew (chap. ii, 1, 2), arrived at Jerusalem, inquiring where they

might find the new-born King of the Jews, the Sanhedrin cited that passage as the authoritative decision of the place of Messiah's birth. Acting on this interpretation thither Herod sent these inquirers after Jesus; and there they found him.

Singular was the providence which led the chief human actors in the fulfillment of the prophecy to be then present at Bethlehem. In the remote province of Galilee in the town of Nazareth, there was living a

humble carpenter and an equally humble Jewish maiden who were espoused to each other in view of ultimate marriage. Unexpectedly to all but herself that maiden was



VISIT OF THE MAGI.

found to be in a condition which created well-founded suspicions of her chastity, and led her intended husband to determine to "put her away," though "privately," he not wishing, because of his love for her, to make public her supposed unfaithfulness. That maiden, however, knew her own freedom from crime, and that her situation was not the result of sin. She had voluntarily consented to bear the ignominy which she must have known would result from such consent; trusting to Him who had especially selected her to this honor and this shame to vindicate her character and to preserve her life; and this too without any expressed condition on his part to do this for her. Is not this one of the greatest, if not the greatest instance of pure faith to be found in the records of human experience? (Read Luke i, 26-35, 38.) We know not that Mary had ever communicated to her affianced husband her condition or its cause, but we have cir-

cumstantial evidence that she had not, although she may not have been ignorant of his design to sever the bond which bound them to each other. And what had she to offer that could convince that apparently injured man that she was true to him, and as free from crime as purity itself? Nothing—absolutely nothing. But he to whose behest she had yielded all that was dear to her as woman became himself her vindicator, and sent an angel to inform Joseph of her freedom from criminality. Of course the announcement thus strangely made was accompanied by statement and proof so convincing as to remove from Joseph's mind all doubt, and to bring him not only into a patient acquiescence with the facts and requirements of the case, but to cause him to realize the great honor put upon him in his becoming the reputed father and actual educator of the Savior of mankind. May we not venture the supposition that there was given to him a revelation of which no record is made of the wondrous glory to God and good to man which should flow from the coming birth of this

"The Wonderful!"—Isa. ix. 6.

But another link in the chain of this strange providence of Joseph and Mary being now at Bethlehem must be noticed, as accounting for their presence there. For reasons of which we know but little, except that a new tax levy was to be imposed upon the provinces outside of Italy, the Roman Emperor Augustus had ordered a census to be taken of the Jewish people in Palestine, including a return of ages and of property, such enrollment to be made, according probably to Jewish custom, at the place to which the families of the persons to be enrolled properly belonged.* In obedience to this law Joseph and Mary went from their home in the city of Nazareth to

*The reason for specifying age was, according to Dr. Hale, partly financial—all persons from fifteen to sixty-five years of age being subjected by this law to an annual poll-tax of about thirty cents of our money. This was probably the tax which was required of our Lord and of Peter, and to pay which Jesus wrought the miracle recorded in Matt. xvi, 24-27.

Bethlehem—a distance of full ninety miles—they being “of the house and lineage of David,” whose family home was there.*

On the arrival of Joseph and Mary at Bethlehem the “inn” or khan proper was already fully occupied, owing to the unusual influx of visitors, in consequence probably of the enrollment. It is all but certain that in a village of the size of Bethlehem, and even in towns of much larger size, there would not be more than one khan.† In this extremity it would seem there was no possibility of making any better accommoda-

tion for a resting-place for Mary than to take possession of the rear part of the khan, possibly a portion of the platform on which the “nose-bags” or feed bags of the mules or camels belonging to the numerous travelers rested while they were feeding; and it would seem that there—possibly on the very night of the arrival of Mary—she gave birth to her first-born Son, the adorable Savior of the world.*

The season of the year at which this manifestation of “God in the flesh” took place is an unsettled point, but there is no room for disputation on the *fact*. The “Immanuel” of Isaiah now dwelt among men; whether he was given to us in the early Spring, amid the heats of Summer, or during the mellow Autumn time is of but little real importance. Our own notion favors the latter view, but is by no means a conviction. Be that as it may, there was at the time, perhaps a mile or so distant southeast of Bethlehem, a few shepherds “watching their flocks by night.” Suddenly the heavens flamed with a glorious light, and a celestial being announced to the awe-struck spectators the joyous tidings of the birth of the long looked for Savior. The memory of the place of announcement is still preserved, and the “Shepherds’ Field” is still pointed out to the inquiring or devout traveler.

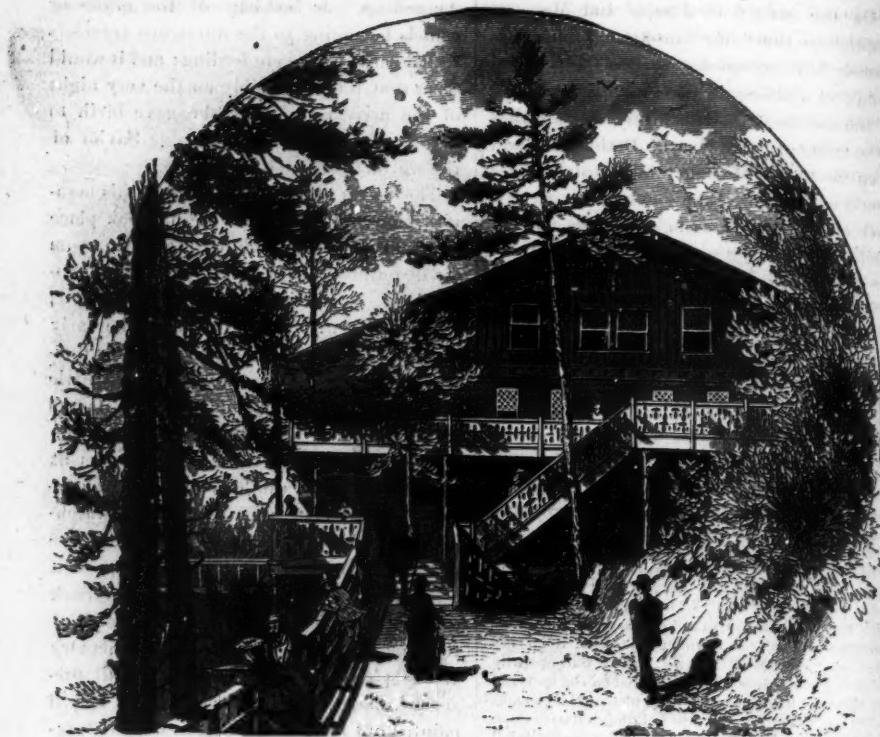
It is not needful that we do more than merely refer to the visit of the magi, or the massacre of the young children “two years old and under,” by the order of the jealous and tyrannical monarch, Herod, called of men “the Great.” They are told in inimitable beauty and brevity in the sacred record. To that we refer.

*It is worthy of remark that possibly the land on which this very khan stood was once the property of the ancestor of Joseph and Mary—King David—and that it was given by him to Chisham, the son of Barzillai, the Gileadite, in grateful remembrance of his kindness and loyalty to David at the time of the rebellion of Absalom. (See 2 Sam. xix, 31-40.) Subsequently a khan is thought to have been erected on the spot, and that this very “inn” in which Joseph and Mary sought shelter was either the identical building or its successor. Speaking of this Dean Stanley, in his “Jewish Church,” says: “A celebrated caravansary was founded by Chisham, son of Barzillai, on the property granted him by David out of the paternal patrimony of Bethlehem. That Caravansary remained with Chisham’s name for at least four centuries (Jer. xli, 17), [at which time it was used as a gathering place for those refugees who were about to go into Egypt] and according to the immemorial usages of the East, it probably was the same which, at the time of the [opening of the] Christian era, furnished shelter for Joseph and Mary on their arrival at Bethlehem, and in which the Christ was born.”

May the writer of this article furnish another guess? If legal issue failed to Chisham or his descendants, would not, under the ordinary action of Jewish law, the estate bestowed by David on Chisham revert back to David’s heirs? If so, might not the true ownership have now been in Jesus, as lineal representative of both Joseph and Mary? We mention it merely as an interesting possibility; for though “the scepter” had indeed “departed from Judah,” and the “lawgiver” was an Idumean, and not a Jew, still most of the Jewish laws and customs were allowed and practiced, and among these the laws relating to property were deemed most sacred. If this were so, in another sense than in that usually ascribed to the passage, it may be said of Jesus, “He came to his own [house], and his own [house] received him not.”

*Those who favor the cave theory of Christ’s birthplace may be glad to see the following from Hodder’s “On Holy Ground.” Speaking of Bethlehem, he says: “It is a quaint and curious town. Some of the houses have an air of comfort rarely to be met with in the East. It helped us to believe in the Church of the Nativity as the ‘inn’ of St. Luke’s Gospel, when we went into one house where the principal room was as much a cave as the ‘Grotto of the Nativity;’ and where a recess in the wall, used by the lady of the house as a repository for Sunday-going clothes, answered exactly to the recess in the rock where it is said our Lord was born. In several other places in Palestine I noticed similar dwellings.”

WATKINS GLEN.



CHALET AT WATKINS GLEN.

THREE is no more beautiful region of country this side of the Rocky Mountains than the lake regions of the Empire State. While the people near the Atlantic sigh for the cooling breezes of Autumn, the visitor to the lake regions feasts in the delights of a Summer recreation. Not only the larger bodies of water, such as the Ontario and the Erie, but even the neighborhoods of the little Cayuga, Oneida, Kuka, and Seneca offer refreshing abodes to a drooping spirit.

Watkins Glen surpasses all other places of the whole region in interest, and if we are justified in going leagues out of our way, in foreign travel, to see things far less worth seeing, like Tivoli and Velino, London, Glencoe, the Killarney Cascades, the Vale of Avoca, the Dargle and the Devil's Glen

of Wicklow, it will warrant a day's or even two days' journeying to see the glen at Watkins, which Grace Greenwood calls "One of nature's reservoirs of eternal coolness;" of which Bayard Taylor could say: "In all my travels I have never met with scenery more beautiful and romantic than that embraced in this wonderful glen," and of which we can say with another that its succession of high bluff walls, with its "towering cliffs, and beetling crags," its clear and crystalline pools, varying in depth, size, and form, its many silvery cascades and narrow channels through the solid rock, its labyrinthine passages, shadowy grottoes and miniature caves, its woody margins and ever-changing floral charms, have given us one of the most varied, wild, weird, and delightful sights of our lives.

Watkins is in Schuyler County, near the head of Seneca Lake, and takes its name from the founder of the village, one Dr. Samuel Watkins, a native of England, who obtained a tract of thousands of acres of land lying around the head of the lake by direct purchase from the Indians about one hundred years ago. The whole country is historic and the names of the neighborhood taken from Revolutionary and Indian celebrities.

Two hundred years ago the Iroquois—to whose valor, according to Bancroft (*History U. S.*, II, 415-424) New York owes its present boundary—made it their favorite hunting grounds. It was the popular resort of the five nations (reinforced by the Tuscaroras as the sixth nation in 1712), the Mokawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cuyugas, though the Senecas only had their homes here. The impression which but too generally prevails is, that the Indians never were settled in homes. Yet this very region of country attests to the contrary. The missionary, too, who first visited these savages, to bring them to the cross, and the trader who first invaded their domain, to exchange bad whisky for valuable furs, found the six nations banded together under the name of the Iroquois, and in claim of all that tract of land stretching from the borders of Vermont to Western New York, from the lakes to the head waters of the Ohio, the Susquehanna and the Delaware.

"Each nation in the union was a sovereign republic, divided again into clans, between which a slight subordination was scarcely perceptible. The clansmen dwelt in fixed places of abodes, surrounded by fields of beans and of maize; each castle, like a New England town or a Saxon hundred, constituted a little democracy. There was no slavery, no favored caste. All men were equal. The union was confirmed by an unwritten compact. The congress of the sachems, at Onondaga, like the witenagemote of the Anglo-Saxons, transacted all common business. Authority resided in opinion; law in oral tradition. Honor and esteem enforced obedience; shame and contempt punished offenders. The leading warrior was

elected by the general confidence in his virtue and conduct; merit alone could obtain preferment to office; and power was as permanent as the esteem of the tribe. No



WATKINS GLEN VIADUCT, S. C. AND C. RAILWAY.

profited was attached to eminent station to tempt the sordid. As their brave men went forth to war, instead of martial instruments, they were cheered by the clear voice of their leader. On the smooth surface of a tree from which the outer bark had been peeled, they painted their deeds of valor by the simplest symbols. These were their trophies and their annals; these and their war-songs preserved the memory of their heroes. They proudly deemed themselves supreme among mankind; men excelling all others; and hereditary arrogance inspired their young men with dauntless courage. When Hudson, John Smith, and Champlain were in America together, the Mohawks had extended their strolls from the St. Lawrence to Virginia; half Long Island paid them tribute, and a Mohawk sachem was reverenced on Massachusetts Bay. . . . In the east and in the west, from the Kennebec to the Mississippi, the Abenakis, as well as the Miamis and the remoter Illinois, could raise no barrier against the invasions of the Iroquois." It was left for the white man alone to break the power of these savages.

It is now a little more than one hundred years since General Sullivan (August 19, 1779), at the head of three thousand men, set about fighting the Iroquois, whose continued atrocities in the Wyoming and Mohawk valleys threatened to clear those fertile regions of all white settlers. Joined at Tioga by a thousand men under the command of General Clinton, these combined forces ascended the Chemung (in Indian Big Horn), and near a place called Hog's Back gave battle to the savages, then led by that illustrious Indian chieftain Brandt, and whose valor faded in that unlucky hour of his

City. The evening or Pacific express of the Erie, to which the Pullman sleepers are attached, served us as traveling conveyance and for hotel accommodation. Every traveler of the Erie knows that there is no better railroad provision than this old company offers. But as for the sleepers we quite agree with the Englishman, who on a visit to this new country, after taking his first ride on one of these Pullmans, wrote back to England that "he knew of no better way to pass a night in most luxurious misery."

Our night's ride to Elmira will never pass out of memory. There was an occupant to the berth adjoining ours. It was a man

whose nose, judging by the manner in which he made the night hideous for us, had been most acoustically constructed for the transmission of vast volumes of sound. If these lines reach the eye of our neighbor of



SENECA LAKE.

defeat. Never again did the Iroquois stand before the superior power of American soldiery; and the result of the campaign was that Sullivan's army marched resistlessly to and fro through the whole country, from the Chemung to the Genesee, destroying the Iroquois' waving fields of maize, ruining their orchards, and burning their villages. Among the places destroyed was Kanadas-eagea, now Geneva, the capital of the Senecas, and situated at the north end of the lake, Watkins being at the south end, and Coneawawah, meaning *a head on a pole*, afterward the site of a settlement known as Newtown, and now better known as the city of Elmira, where the old Erie railroad makes connection with the Northern Central railroad, by which Watkins is accessible.

We came up this way from New York

that night, we wish to call his attention to an ingenious device a Down Easter has invented and patented as a sure cure for snoring, of which he should be possessed previous to taking passage again in a sleeper. The device consists, we are told, of an india rubber tube, of which one end is fastened to the nose and the other enters the tympanum of the ear, so that the snorer is so terrified by his own noise that he instantly awakes, and a few nights of this agony suffice to cure him of any further propensity to snore.

Another of the advantages of the Pullman we failed to appreciate, is the inevitable spittoon with which these saloon cars are gauded. Scarcely had the morning sun risen and our berth been transfixed to a sitting-room when our foot hit against one of these abominable conveniences, and our eye was forced to

witness the nasty use to which they can be put by some neighbor traveler. It is said that they owe their origin to the devil, and we are quite ready to believe it. The tradition of their origin is well worth repeating here: "When the Christian navigators first discovered America, the devil was greatly annoyed, and was afraid [without reason, we think], of losing his hold on the people here. However, he whispered in confidence to some of his Indian friends and acquaintances that he had found out a way of being revenged on the new-comers. He would teach them, he said, to chew tobacco, and that the filthy habit should cling to them forever and make them a by-word among the nations." That ride to Watkins confirmed the story to us, and we must give the devil credit for having faithfully kept his word.

At Watkins we did not loiter in the village, attractive as it is, but took the omnibus in waiting at the station for the Mountain House. This hotel is situated three hundred feet above the entrance to the glen and about one-quarter of the way up to the



WATKINS GLEN AND GLEN MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

highest point. Not alone the magnificent view and the delightful scenery that incloses it, make this house the most desirable home for the glen visitor. Its appointments are excellent, and its management in the trust of Messrs. Michener and Lippincott, who are both men of character and admirable hosts. No liquor is sold on the premises, and the whole place appears to one more like the retreat of an old and well-tried friend than a popular Summer resort. For a first-class Summer retreat give us the Mountain House

at the Watkins Glen, as we knew it during the delightful two weeks we spent there.

Generally the Mountain House guests enter the glen near the hotel, and run hither and thither as their fancy takes them. Our purpose being to see the glen as a whole and get a proper impression of each section, we decided to begin at the beginning. So down we went nearly half a mile towards



CAVERN CASCADE.
town, to the very entrance. Abrupt hills rise on either side of the gates like monster sentinels. From between them a limpid little stream, buffeted by rocks and broken into a hundred cascades, runs out and wind quietly across the level valley to the lake.

We follow the little stream, as it lies there, idly reflecting the sunbeams back to the

guarding hills whence it came, and enter the defile to begin our pilgrimage. We stand in a vast rocky amphitheater, the walls of which rise on each side nearly two hundred feet above our heads, and seemingly close up all farther advance. We pass beneath and around the base of the overhanging rocks to enjoy one of the wildest scenes of the glen, to be filled with wonderment and to stand awe-struck, spellbound.

From an angle in the rocks, sixty feet above, shoots out a narrow thread of water, and dashes down into a dark, cavernous pool of unknown depth. It is the entrance cascade.

At our feet, too, slumbers a broad, deep, clear, but irregular pool. It is called the Fish Pond, on account of the immense number of the finny tribe which gather here from the lake during high water in the Spring and early Summer. We mount a stairway, and reach by a few steps what is called Glen Alpha, and fancy ourselves at the end of the amphitheater, when suddenly we discover a sharp turn to the left of the channel, and we pass on through what appeared to us, on entering the glen, a narrow rift in the rocks. Indeed, at many a place in the glen we paused and wondered how it could be possible to go much farther, the way appeared impassable and the distance so inaccessible; but as we advanced the path always opened and gave far more interest to the ascent than though we could have clearly marked our way before us.

Sentry Bridge, a little structure spanning the chasm, connects with the stairway. As we pause for rest our eye falls upon the amphitheater we have just left, and we look down through the jagged edges of rock to the deep, blue basin, broken into circling ripples by the falling column of water, out across the smiling valley to the green hills beyond. Another equally enchanting scene bursts upon us as we look up. Irregular cliffs of dark rock, angular and sullen, tower there. They rise one above another till they appear to meet in the clouds, and seem to forbid approach. But we can not stay here.

On we pass by the Sentry Bridge, and up a short flight of steps on the south side, to

enter a pathway cut in the solid rock. It leads away under the overhanging cliffs to Stillwater Gorge, where the various hues and tints of the rock, the eccentric combinations of curves and angles, seem as if nature had endeavored to see what wildly grotesque and yet beautiful images she could produce.

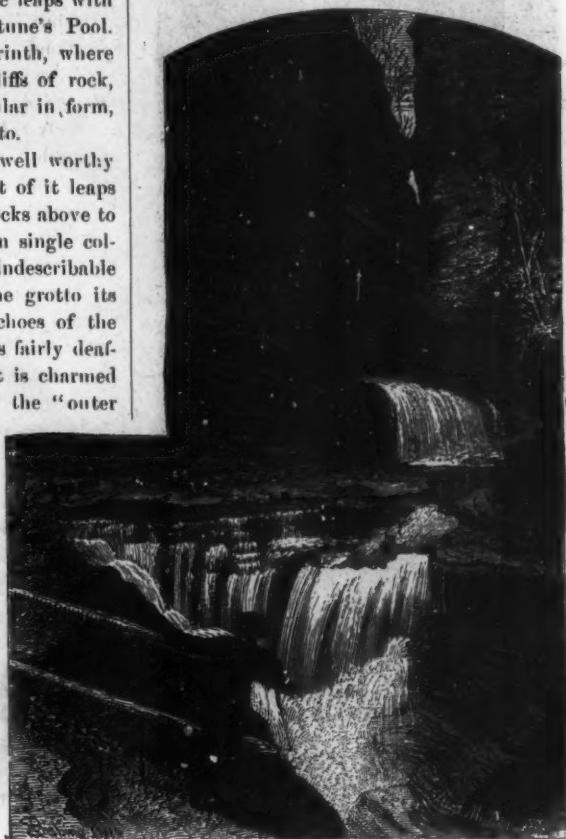
To give yet greater variety and to bring more brilliant contrasts into the dark, rocky surroundings, Minnehaha, the second cascade, beautiful, irregular, and yet full of grace, dashes down, breaking often as she falls, until she reaches the lower rocks only in foam and spray. How unlike the Fairy Cascade, thirty feet away! She leaps with one graceful bound into Neptune's Pool. Past it and through the Labyrinth, where we creep under the shelving cliffs of rock, we reach a cavern almost circular in form, dark and damp, called the Grötto.

A weird chamber it is, and well worthy of the name it bears. In front of it leaps the Cavern Cascade from the rocks above to a depth of forty or fifty feet in single column, but with inimitable and indescribable grandeur. As we stand in the grotto its rocky walls reverberate the echoes of the falling water until the sound is fairly deafening. But it is the eye that is charmed most as it strikes the light of the "outer world" gleaming through the transparent stream in front of us, and giving it the appearance of molten silver.

By the staircase, rising almost perpendicularly, we now make an ascent of seventy feet. Very wisely the glen management provide us here with rustic seats for rest. But Dame Nature too is mindful of us, and we are given a treat as rare as the other is needful. What a picture awaits us as we emerge from the dark chasm! No wonder they call the view had from the head of this long staircase the Vista. There are silvery cascades, quiet pools, and moss garnished walls overarched by stately forest trees and

thick shrubbery, with a broad light flooding the distance; and far above, through the emerald foliage, like a web of gossamer, we see the beautiful Iron Bridge that spans the glen near the hotel and boarding-hall—our next object of advance.

As we climb we are forcibly impressed with the beauty of the foliage, which appears all the brighter as we emerge from the dark recesses of the glen. The singular fact, mentioned by others, will bear repeating, namely: that "nowhere else on the American continent can such a range of vegetation be found within such narrow limits. On the northern slopes, in sheltered nooks,



MINNEHAHA.

protected from the winds and in a great measure from frost and snow, exposed to the warm rays of the sun, the vegetation is al-



RAINBOW FALL AND TRIPLE CASCADE.

most tropical. Especially among the lower orders, plants are here found that are indigenous to Tennessee and the Carolinas. The fern family is largely represented, and

some of the most beautiful specimens are found. Many of the varieties attain a degree of luxuriance that astonishes the student familiar with them. Exposed to the keen north winds, high up on the southern cliffs, plants are found that belong far to the north. Stunted fir, mosses and lichens, that are rarely seen south of the Hudson's Bay country, are here represented."

For the tourist not overmuch in haste, the visit of

the glen should end here the first day, and the remainder reserved for one or two more days at least. For us the first day's work was done. Gladly enough we turned back

to the hotel to seek rest from the fatigue of one afternoon's ramble in the Alpha and its adjoinings.

Our second day's tramp we began from the boarding-hall, the Swiss *Chalet*, as it is called; for our readers must know that the Mountain House does not dine its guests under the same roof, but across the iron bridge, in a house specially and most admirably fitted for the purpose. Our way lay through the woods by a shaded path called *Sylvan Gorge*. There is a constant descent of course in going from the hotel to reach the level of the stream. We pass a succession of little rapids and cascades leaping into *Sylvan Gorge*. But our object is to reach the *Cathedral*—this masterpiece of nature's handiwork, of whose grandeur it is impossible to convey an idea to the reader's mind by any description words can furnish. The *Cathedral* is an immense oblong amphitheater, nearly an eighth of a mile in length. This is by common consent the most striking view in the glen, which is here wider than in any other point. It is certainly very impressive and emotional, with its rocky walls towering here to a greater height than anywhere else in the glen—over three hundred feet—and richly tapestried with mosses and clinging vines; its broad, smooth flagstone flooring, its transparent, glassy pools, reflecting the blue heavens and the overhanging sunlit trees; its dome formed of the vaulted arch of the sky; its shelving strata supported by gigantic caryatides, weird mimicry of the sculptor's art; its flashing waterfall—the Central Cascade—forming the choir, and as it dashes from rock to rock singing continual hymns

of praise to the Infinite Power that created this mighty temple.

Ascending the grand staircase, which is broken by a platform and about seventy feet



THE CATHEDRAL.

in height, we may pause and look back, and have one of the most characteristic views of water-carved rocks and boiling waters in the glen. It has been named the *Artist's Dream*—a most fitting appellation for this truly magnificent scene. The main stream, which in this glen falls four hundred feet in less than a mile, and nearly double that number in two, makes its descent here "in a perspective of sparkling cascades, uniting a succession of circular pools in deep stone basins or wells, grooved and polished like finely wrought

marble. On either side the cliffs rise to a towering height, showing rocky entablatures with architrave, frieze, and cornice, as clear-cut and well proportioned as those of a Gre-

atraction of this neighborhood. Just below, on the north side of the Triple Cascade, a little brook leaps over the brow of a great high cliff down into the glen, trickling over the irregular surface of the rock, until it reaches a point twelve or fifteen feet above the pathway, where it falls over a projecting shelf, the edge of which is curved outward in a crescent form. The water does not descend in a smooth sheet, but in a myriad of tiny threads and drops forming a sparkling crystal veil, behind which the pathway leads. These are called the Rainbow Falls.

In the Giant's Gorge, above the Triple Cascade, the beauty is not in the scene as it lies before us. The best we saw lies behind the falls, to which a passage, although a narrow one, has been made. As we stood there and looked out through the misty curtain, the novelty of the position and the peculiar brilliancy that the radiant drops of falling water imparted to every thing viewed through them, filled us with wonder, and we



ARTIST'S DREAM.

cinn temple. Over these come pouring adventurous streamlets from the upper world, like a shower of light, aqueous meteors darting downward into the gloom."

Leaving this point we follow the path on the south bank until we reach the staircase, near which is the Triple Cascade, so called because composed of three portions one above another, each different in form, but the three together forming a most beautiful combination. This is not, however, the special at-

were charmed by beauty that has not its like in all that we have ever seen either in this country or abroad. During the whole season from June to September, when fair weather prevails and the rays of the sun fall into the gorge from the west, the enraptured visitor in looking through the veil in the afternoon beholds two most beautiful rainbows, a primary and secondary—a sight that once enjoyed can never be forgotten.

FRANCES BURNEY'S COURT AND MARRIED LIFE.

A MOST valued and distinguished friend of Frances Burney, and one in whose house she was ever welcome and appreciated, was Mrs. Delany, the wife of a profound scholar and eloquent preacher. Mrs. Delany was eminently an accomplished woman, nobly descended; and even at an advanced age retained all the vigor of her faculties. She was much esteemed by the royal family, who were frequently guests at her own house at Windsor.

Macaulay gives a very interesting account of an unexpected visit from King George to Mrs. Delany while Miss Burney was her guest. The old lady was taking an after-dinner nap, the visitors were engaged at some Christmas game when the door opened, and unannounced a stout gentleman entered, wearing a star on his breast, exclaiming, "What—what—what!" A cry of "The king, the king!" was uttered, and Miss Burney owns that she could not have been more terrified if she had seen a ghost. Mrs. Delany soon came forward to receive her royal guest. Frances was presented, and immediately underwent a long cross-examination about all she had written and all she meant to write. The queen soon after made her appearance, received Frances very graciously, and, of course, left a pleasing impression upon the mind of the young lady. Very soon after this one of the keepers of the queen's wardrobe having retired, the position was offered to Miss Burney, and she accepted.

"For what object their majesties brought her to their palace," says Macaulay, "we must own ourselves unable to conceive. Their object could not be to encourage her literary exertions; for they took her from a situation in which it was almost certain that she would write, and put her into a situation in which it was almost impossible for her to write. Their object could not be to promote her pecuniary interest; for they took her from a situation where she was likely to become rich, and put her into a situation in which

she could not but continue poor. Their object could not be to obtain an eminently useful waiting-maid, for it is clear that, though Miss Burney was the only woman of her time who could have described the death of Harpal, thousands might have been found more expert in tying ribbons and filling snuff-boxes. To grant her a pension on the civil list would have been an act of judicious liberality honorable to the court. If this was impracticable, the next best thing was to let her alone. That the king and queen meant her nothing but kindness we do not in the least doubt. But their kindness was the kindness of persons raised high above the mass of mankind, accustomed to be addressed with profound deference, accustomed to see all who approach them mortified by their coldness and elated by their smiles. They fancied that to be noticed by them, to be near them, to serve them, was, in itself, a kind of happiness; and that Frances Burney ought to be full of gratitude for being permitted to purchase, by the surrender of health, wealth, freedom, domestic affection, and literary fame, the privilege of standing behind a royal chair, and holding a pair of royal gloves. And who can blame them? Who can wonder that princes should be under such a delusion when they are encouraged in it by the very persons who suffer from it most cruelly? Was it to be expected that George III and Queen Charlotte should understand the interest of Frances Burney better, or promote it with more zeal, than herself and her father? No deception was practiced. The conditions of the house of bondage were set forth with all simplicity. The hook was presented without a bait; the net was spread in sight of the bird. And the naked hook was greedily swallowed; and the silly bird made haste to entangle herself in the net."

If the poor girl had known any thing of the hardships of such a life she never would have consented to renounce her free, happy, home-life to become the tiring-woman

for Queen Charlotte. Although she was known as "maid of honor" to the queen, she was in reality nothing more than a menial to do the bidding of a woman altogether her inferior in every thing save the accident of royalty. She, with the talents that had instructed and delighted the best intellects of her day, now passed her life under the restraints of paltry etiquette. She was sometimes obliged to stand until ready to swoon with fatigue and hunger, considering every word and gesture with reference to the taste and pleasure of her royal mistress.

Miss Burney had to rise and dress herself early that she might be ready for the royal bell, which rung at half-past seven. Until about eight o'clock she had the honor of assisting at the queen's toilet, lacing her corsets, putting on her gown and neckerchief. The morning was chiefly spent in rummaging drawers and laying fine clothes in their proper places; then the queen was to be powdered and dressed for the day, and it was generally three o'clock before Miss Burney was at liberty. Then she had two hours at her own disposal, which she generally devoted to her diary. From five o'clock till eleven she was associated with her colleague, a miserable illiterate German woman, who was almost unbearable. Between eleven and twelve the bell rang again, and Miss Burney had to spend half an hour undressing the queen, when she was at liberty to retire, and, if not too miserable with fatigue and disappointment, to sleep and dream of better days. For this service she received—what think you? the paltry sum of £200 per annum. What a contrast this with the results of her brain work, one issue of which brought her £1,000! Poor, dear Frances Burney paid dearly for leave to be a pensioner and a menial in the royal household. Five years of patient miserable endurance resulted in such complete physical prostration as to demand her resignation, for which the queen could see no reason, and very tardily accepted.

At length, for all the misery which she had undergone and the health she had sacrificed, an annuity of £100 was accorded by

the generosity of the king, but dependent on Queen Charlotte's pleasure.

At this time England swarmed with French exiles, driven from their country by the revolution, and a colony of these refugees settled near Norbury Park, the residence of an intimate friend of the Burney family. Frances visited Norbury, and was introduced to the strangers, against whom she had strong prejudices, for her toryism knew no bounds; yet she was forced to own that she had never heard conversation before, for Madame de Staél was there, and M. de Talleyrand. There, too, she met General D'Arblay, an honorable, amiable man, with frank, soldierly manners and some taste for letters. She listened with rapture to Talleyrand and Madame de Staél, joined with M. D'Arblay in execrating the Jacobins, took French lessons from him, fell in love and married him on the precarious annuity of one hundred pounds. M. D'Arblay's fortune had perished in the general wreck of the French Revolution, and the task of providing for the family devolved principally upon his wife. She remained in France ten years, cut off from all intercourse with the land of her birth; but at length, when Napoleon was on his march to Moscow, she obtained permission to visit England with her son, just in time to receive her father's blessing. In 1814 she published her last novel, which fell far below all the others in literary and artistic merit. In the same year her son Alexander was sent to Cambridge, and all that we have heard of him leads us to believe that he was such a son as such a mother deserved to have. In 1832 Madame D'Arblay published the memoirs of her father, and on the 6th of January, 1840, she died, in her eighty-eighth year. Macaulay says, "While we are forced to refuse Madame D'Arblay a place in the highest rank of art, we can not deny that in the rank to which she belonged she had few equals and scarcely any superiors. She was emphatically what Dr. Johnson called her, 'a character-monger,' for it was in the exhibition of human character and whims that her strength lay, and in this department she evinced very distinguished skill."

Madame D'Arblay's fame was established before her death. She had lived long enough to see the world's approbation set upon her writings, and to find them reckoned among the classics of English literature. In her earlier works her style is simple without affectation, and clear without verboseness. It is that of one who has something to say, and says it. In her later writings she consciously or unconsciously imitates Johnson, without success. She, indeed, has the heavy roll and cumbrous rhetoric of the author of the "Rambler," but she does not attain to the dignity and sweep of the model. The subject-matter of her pen forbade. Narrative writing has little in common with the didactic—Dr. Johnson was a moralist, Frances Burney a story-teller.

We quote specimens of her earlier and her later style, before and after this change of manner appeared. The first is from "Evelina":

"His son seems weaker in his understanding and more gay in his temper; but his gaiety is that of the foolish, overgrown school-boy, whose mirth consists in noise and disturbance. He disdains his father for his close attention to business and love of money, though he seems himself to have no talents, spirit, or generosity to make him appear superior to either. His chief delight appears to be in tormenting and ridiculing his sisters, who in return most cordially despise him. Miss Branghton, the eldest daughter, is by no means ugly; but looks proud, ill-tempered, and conceited. She hates the city, though without knowing why; for it is easy to discover she has lived nowhere else. Miss Polly Branghton is rather pretty, very foolish, very giddy, and, I believe, very good-natured."

Now contrast this with a passage from "Cecilia":

"It is rather by an imaginary than an actual evil, and, though a deep wound to pride, no offense to morality. Thus have I laid open to you my whole heart, confessed my perplexities, acknowledged my vainglory, and exposed with equal sincerity the sources of my doubts and the motives of my decision. But now, indeed, how to proceed I know

not. The difficulties which are yet to encounter I fear to enumerate, and the petition I have to urge I have scarce courage to mention. My family, mistaking ambition for honor, and rank for dignity, have long planned a splendid connection for me, to which, though my invincible repugnance has stopped any advances, their wishes and their views immovably adhere. But I am too certain they will now listen to no other. I dread, therefore, to make a trial where I despair of success. I know not how to risk a prayer with those who may silence me by a command."

One word more. It is not only on account of the intrinsic merit of Madame D'Arblay's early works that she is entitled to honorable mention. Her appearance is an important epoch in our literary history, and "Evelina" was the first novel written by a woman purporting to be a picture of life and manners that lived or deserved to live. She vindicated the right of her sex to an equal share in the noble province of letters. Several accomplished women have followed in her track, and no class of works is more honorably distinguished by fine observation, by grace and wit, and by pure moral feeling.

The fictitious literature of England previous to the advent of "Evelina" was not of a class suitable for general circulation. Even the best of the novels, such as "Clarissa Harlowe," sometimes put a blush upon modesty, while many, like "Tom Jones" and "Joseph Andrews," contained sneers and flings at practical piety that made them to be regarded with horror by religious people. Even in decent families, who did not profess superior sanctity, there was a strong feeling against them. The novelist, who had therefore no character to lose, and whose readers were not restrained by any scruples of religion, did not hesitate at liberties which, thanks to the reformation brought about by the labors of the Wesleys, Whitefield, and their associates, in this generation, seem almost incredible. Manners and morals both have improved, and, in a literary point of view, Madame D'Arblay contributed largely to this result.

THE RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT AS AN HISTORIC FORCE.

APURE form of religion is the test of a rising or falling civilization. It is the only test. A similar claim can not be made for any thing else, for any other influence or principle of human society. Science and literature and the arts, and liberty have enriched and benefited the nations. Culture has added new joys to human life and left splendid monuments behind it.

But the careful student of history observes as he looks over the vast page of man's life as it has been lived on this earth of ours, that this culture, this literature, these sciences and arts, have often had their golden age in the epoch just before the nation perished. They have been associated with the nation's decline and fall, and not with the fresh morning of its life. And if it be said that a pure morality has power to conserve political institutions and lead to national greatness, the answer is, that there never has been a pure morality dissociated from religion, and, unless human nature changes, it is safe to say there never will be. The decay of faith has always lifted the flood-gates of immorality. The skeptic may be challenged to point to a single case of a noble civilization in ancient or modern times that had not a pure religion for its impulse and strength. He may also be challenged to find a single case where such a civilization maintained itself for any considerable time after a genuine faith had perished.

This is a time when it is fashionable to compliment man's triumphs over nature, and to advert to religion as a worn out superstition. The microscope, the chemist's retort, and the steam-engine, are supposed to have taken the place of prophets and apostles. Religion was well enough for the childhood of the race, but, like witchcraft, it is passing behind us, and must hereafter give place to substantial knowledge and ascertained truths of nature. It is only a little while that Churches are to continue. The lyceum lecturer, the secular newspaper, and the speculations of advanced thinkers,

are the prophets of to-day. Churches will be converted into halls of science and art.

"Wiseacres," said Disraeli in *Lothair*, "go on talking about the decline of religion, and religion the meanwhile goes on building up and tearing down empires. Religion dying in the world! And yet if you touch religion, or tread on religious convictions, a revolution will be kindled in twenty-four hours in any nation in Christendom as fierce as that which deluged France with blood ninety years ago. Religion dying in America! The Americans are a very patient and wonderfully tolerant people, but touch them as to their religion, and quicker than they sprung to arms when Sumter was fired on will battalions muster, as though the land were sown with dragon's teeth."

The truth is, that to-day is the best day the world has ever known. There are more hearts inspired by the love and spirit of Jesus of Nazareth to day than in any preceding age. There is more money laid down annually at the feet of Jesus than in any period of the past.

Let us glance at a few pages of the history of civilization, and see if they do not justify the statement that religion is the only power that ever has made a nation great.

The oldest civilization of which we know any thing is that of Egypt. Before Homer sang of the wrath of Achilles or Hector fought for Troy, nay before Abraham migrated from Ur of the Chaldeans, was there a great nation on the banks of the Nile. Has it occurred to the reader that the only monuments of Egypt are monuments of religion? All else has perished. The temples, the pyramids, the tombs, and the mummies, are relics of the intense religious seriousness of ancient Egypt. The obelisk, soon to be erected in the New York Central Park, was once regarded as a divinity to which religious ceremonies and oblations were offered. There are many inscriptions on the ruins, but so far as ascertained they seem to be all of a religious character. In his lecture on

Egypt, delivered not long before his death, Bayard Taylor said; "No fragment of a purely secular literature has yet been found." A journey through that famous land makes one profound impression on the traveler: "Egypt was an intensely religious nation." But it may be said that the religion of Egypt was corrupt. Not in the morning of the nation's history. Corruption has no power in it but to ruin and destroy. In the early days of Egypt there was a pure form of faith and a pure morality, that had religion for its inspiration.

Mariette Bey, a leading Egyptologist, tells us that on the summit of the Egyptian pantheon is "one God, immortal, uncreated, invisible, and hidden in the inaccessible depths of his own being—the creator of heaven and earth." "The basis of the faith was strongly spiritual, the leading articles being belief in immortality and future rewards and punishments for the deeds done in the body."

Mariette has translated certain hymns written in the seventeenth century before Christ to commemorate the piety and triumphs of Totimes III, during whose reign, says the proud inscription, "Egypt set her boundaries wherever she pleased." It would not be enough to say that some of these hymns recall the songs of Moses and the later Psalms, for at times they indicate an equal devotion and an absolute dependence on the care of a spiritual God. The prayer of Rameses II may be given as a specimen of many. The king was caught by an ambush party of the enemy's troops. "What is the purpose of my father Ammon? Is he a father who denies his son? Have I not done according to thy mouth? O my father, thy mouth, has it not guided me in my marches? and thy counsels, have they not directed me? I am in the midsts of throngs of unknown people, and I am left alone before thee. My bowmen and my horsemen have abandoned me. But I chose Ammon rather than thousands of bowmen, rather than thousands of horsemen, than myriads of young heroes, even were they all assembled together." This reads like a leaf from the Psalms, where David tells us "It is

better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man. It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes."

If we turn our thought across the desert to the Euphrates valley, and inquire concerning the very ancient and very marvelous civilization there, we find a similar state of things.

The late George Smith, of the British Museum, ranked among the best authorities on Assyria. In his history of Assyria he tells us that in ancient Nineveh the seventh day was a sabbath, devoted to rest and worship, and that when the people were in their temples not even the king might ride in the royal chariot through the streets of the city. Are there in the Old Testament purer prayers than the following, taken from the clay books of Nineveh and written about 2000 B. C.? "My God, my Creator, take thou my hand. Guide thou the breath of my mouth. Guide thou my hand, O Lord of light!" "O Lord, my transgressions are very many, great are my sins. The Lord in the anger of his heart has confounded me; God in the strength of his heart has set himself against me."

The greatest of the nations of antiquity is unquestionably Rome, and it may probably be said that she surpassed them all, in her earliest and best days, in the characteristics of seriousness, domestic purity, and reverence for the supreme powers. There were no idols in her most ancient temples, and religion ruled the hearth-stone and the halls of the commonwealth as nowhere else. Her soldiers went from the altar to the war. She gave to our Christian faith the words sacrament and religion—*sacramentum*, a military oath of service, and *religio*, that which binds. For over two centuries religion kept the fountains of the nation so pure that no divorce disgraced her family life. Mommsen, her best historian, writes (Vol. I, 232), "At the very core of the Latin religion there lay that profound moral impulse which leads men to bring earthly guilt and earthly punishments into relation with the world of the gods, and to view guilt as a crime against the gods, and punishments as its expiation." Those words of Mommsen lay open the

heart of all true religion. It is that which binds us to God.

It would be equally easy to prove that the decay of pure faith preceded, in every case, the decay of those nations. When in the Roman senate Julius Cæsar, then *pontifex maximus*, pleaded for the life of Catilene and the conspirators, his argument was that no one believes in immortality, and that if Catilene be punished he must be kept alive. The augurs smiled. Cleero was in doubt. Lucretius was the prophet of the age. Rome was ready for the Master. The days of the republic were numbered.

In Greece Xenophon said that the only interest the people had in the public sacrifices was to get a free meal. More recent history teaches the same lesson. Look where you may, and when you find important changes in the world's geography you will find that the moving cause has been religious conviction. The rise and spread of Mohammedanism is one of the marvels of history. The crescent of Islam swept from the rivers of India to the Atlantic Ocean in less than one hundred years. But first and last Mohammedanism was a religious movement. It is a mistake to suppose it was a dark and cruel superstition. On the contrary, it was a genuine reformation—the Puritanism of the world in the dark centuries. It was a protest against idolatry, and called the nations back to faith in a spiritual God whose prophets were Abraham and Jesus and Mahomet. It was a protest against drunkenness, and has done more to rid the world of that curse than perhaps Christianity itself. Could science, or art, or patriotism or philanthropy have thus revolutionized the world? Science has apostles, but no martyrs. It is the conviction that makes little of death which dooms old things and bids new ones spring into being. And religion alone takes away the fear of death, and makes men almost love it. She numbers her martyrs by millions.

Take that story of heroism which Motley has told with so much eloquence and splendor. The struggle for liberty in the Netherlands is one of the grandest chapters in the annals of the race. England went to

school to William the Silent and John of Barneveldt and their noble compatriots, and in the succeeding generation she imitated their example by beheading her tyrant kings or sending them abroad in the world with the mark of Cain on their brow. The thirteen colonies also, in the next century, led by the genius of Plymouth Rock, who had been taught the story of liberty in Holland, followed in the steps of the Netherlands.

Now religion was the prime factor in that great conflict of eighty years. It is true that liberty and national rights and property were involved in the struggle, and Motley remarks that only when the "pockets" of the people were touched could they be incited to rebellion. But the strength of the religious sentiment is seen in this, that the Protestant provinces were alone unsubdued by Spain. Belgium, Catholic Belgium, was vanquished by Catholic Philip, while the oak-hearted Calvinists of Holland gained their independence, and under the leadership of young Maurice defeated the infantry of Spain, incomparably the best in the world at that time, and led by the Duke of Alva and other famous captains.

Recall, also, that England won her liberties in the seventeenth century under a religious inspiration, in the first half of the century under Puritan leadership, while in the revolution of '88 the entire nation united for the defense of its Protestant faith. An interesting study of the forces that make history would be the "make-up" of the Scotch army which, in 1639, met Charles I when he marched toward the Tweed with the purpose of teaching those obstinate Scotchmen how to worship God. It would be found that the spirit of every soldier, from the officer who commanded to the youngest drummer-boy, was that of Jenny Geddes, who, in St. Giles Church in Edinburgh, threw her stool at the recently arrived English bishop, and cried out, "Wit thou any mass in my lug?"

It was said above that the traveler in Egypt felt the religious character of the ancient Egyptians. But a similar remark may be made for the thoughtful traveler in any land. The old adage about history repeat-

ing itself has many illustrations. The footprints of epoch-making events in any or all lands have the word "God" stamped on them. Dr. Bellows, in his admirable book of travels, when writing from Jerusalem, says men may deny the Gospel histories as they please, but the traveler in these lands can not doubt that "events of world-wide and wholly exceptional character" took place there as certainly as the scoriae and lava beds around Vesuvius attest that the mountain was once on fire.

It may be said that many forms of religion have passed in review in this article. True, and yet the spirit of true piety is the same under all forms. It is a spirit of reverence for a supreme personal God who will

hold his creatures responsible for their conduct. Of all these Christianity is the purest and the best; and, as it is impossible for the human mind to conceive any thing higher and holier than the teachings of Jesus, we know that it will last forever. In the words of Réman, "He has introduced for eternity the ideal of pure worship."

The writer found himself one morning, a few years ago, taking a last lingering look at the beautiful ruins of Melrose Abbey church. Turning, he found a Scotchman beside him, to whom he remarked, "What a pity to see so beautiful a structure in ruins!" To which the countryman of John Knox made answer, "What matters it about the structure so long as the truth remains?"

THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS ROSE.

WHEN the midnight bells are ringing,
And their sobs, faint and low,
The Christmas morn is bringing,
With echoes of the singing
Of the angels long ago,
White clouds, like angels, winging
Their fleece across the snow;

It is said the children sleeping,
In rosy fitters fast,
Never hear the Winter's weeping,
Nor the night storm's onward sweeping,
Never shudder at the blast,
But each to each close creeping
Smile as angels hurry past.

Though close in slumber holden,
Their dewy eyes can see
The branch of roses golden,
With blood-red heart enfolden,
Plucked from the Eden tree
By an angel in times olden,
Since dipped in Calvary,

Ears used to human whining
Hear not those rustling wings,
Nor see their sheeny shining
Through tears of sad repining,
At loss of earth born things;
Self-centered hearts are pining
Although an angel sings.

To them the Christmas roses
Show neither snow nor gold,
No hard green bud encloses,
No angel hand disposes
The flowers as they unfold,
Or reverently discloses
The heart of love untold,

But the children not yet knowing
Of sin or self or guile,
To their peaceful slumbers going
With Christmas joy o'erflowing,
In their sleep are seen to smile,
At the Christmas roses glowing
Before them all the while.

O, as the bells toll slowly,
And our Christmas draweth nigh,
To be like children lowly,
Pure, simple, true, and holy,
When the angel passes by,
And to catch the Christmas glory
As it echoes through the sky!

To hush our selfish weeping,
And forget our little woes,
That the angel of its keeping
In the smiling of our sleeping,
To us also may disclose
The gold and white and crimson
Of the children's Christmas rose.

PIONEER LIFE IN THE WEST.



A PIONEER CABIN.

THE tide of emigration began to flow westward from the Atlantic provinces across the Alleghanies and the Cumberland range of mountains as early as 1770. By treaty with and purchase from the Indians, the government became possessed of all the lands south of the Ohio, including Kentucky, Western Virginia, and Western Pennsylvania in 1768; and many of the rich lands of the Upper Ohio were parcelled out for bounties to the officers and soldiers who had served in the French and English wars. Settlements began to be made on the Kanawha and in Kentucky; a few were established along the waters of the Monongahela.

But it was not until after the Revolutionary war and the cession of Virginia's claims to the general government of the territory north-west of the Ohio, that the first colony was planted in that part of the country. This was effected at Marietta, April 7, 1788. The next year Cincinnati was founded; and before the end of the century a large part of Southern Ohio was occupied by settlers.

Fortunately the Scioto country began to attract emigrants, as the inroads of hostile Indians were less to be feared. Though scouting parties and surveyors had partially

explored the territory, very few clearings had been made, and there were still dangers to be encountered nearly the whole of the river voyage from Wheeling down. But the intrepid pioneers pushed on. By Midsummer of 1794 the attacks of the Indians became less frequent and were made by smaller bands than heretofore, owing to the fact that General Wayne had invaded the hostile country with an overwhelming force. In August, 1795, the glad tidings came to the East that peace was made with the red man by the treaty of Greenville. At once an immense area was thrown open to settlement. Thousands of families poured in to take possession. Nearly all of them were from Pennsylvania, Virginia, and the adjoining States on the east.

Most of the goods transported from the older settlements and the manufacturing towns were brought across the mountains on pack-horses, though some by wagons. Very few roads were laid out, and none farther west than Pittsburg. From thence the goods could be carried on flatboats or in canoes to the nearest river landing. As the first settlements were on the larger streams, carriage by horses was not for long distances.

As the country was opened up, roads were made, and a few log bridges built for neighborhood accommodation. Trading - posts were ere long established, and many articles of household necessity were kept on sale. Domestic goods of flax and wool were soon manufactured—the women doing the carding and spinning by hand, and often working at the loom. Hats, boots, shoes, harness, some kinds of hardware and machinery, and many other things were, in process of time, made in the pioneer towns; while mills and blacksmith shops were set up as soon as there was population enough to require them.

The only habitations erected by the first settlers were cabins of logs, roofed with split clapboards held in place by cross poles fastened with pins, and floored with puncheons or hewed pieces of timber notched into huge sleepers laid on the ground at the sides. The windows were openings made by sawing out a portion of one of the logs, and covering the space in cold weather with oiled paper. Glass sash, with lights eight by ten inches, were after a while introduced in the settlements along the generally traveled thoroughfares or the navigable streams. The cabin doors were made of split boards, hung on wooden hinges and fastened with a wooden latch lifted from the outside by a string. The spacious fireplace, occupying nearly the entire width of one end of the cabin was built of stone (bricks were an article then unknown in the West), and the chimney was constructed of split fagots or sticks piled in alternate courses in a stack, and well daubed with clay to prevent their burning. The hearth stones were large, and afforded sufficient protection against the sparks of fire which from the ample logs were apt to snap out. The cabins had no cellars, though a hole was sometimes dug in front of the fireplace and covered with boards for the storage of potatoes and other roots. Milk and butter were preserved in spring houses or in outside vaults beneath sodded mounds of earth.

The ordinary dress of the people was of domestic manufacture, from linsey-woolsey or cotton cloth, and tow linen. The women

wore short gowns, gathered loosely in the waist, and reaching to the hips, with a quilted skirt or petticoat. The men wore buckskin small-clothes and linen hunting-shirts; sometimes entire suits of domestic woolen goods, drab, gray, or brown—their coats with brass or white-metal buttons, about the size of a silver dollar. Both sexes at home went barefoot; abroad they had on moccasins or coarse shoes, with or without stockings.

The bread-stuffs of the pioneers were wheat and Indian corn—both transported across the mountains until they began to raise for themselves. Of meat they had abundance in the wild game, much of which was cured by "jerking," as dry-salting was too expensive. Salt was scarce and dear, and what little was to be had was often black and bitter. The grain was pounded in wooden mortars (usually the scooped-out stump of a tree), or ground in a "tub-mill;" but in either case the meal was coarse and was used unsifted. Of native fruits there was a great variety, and some of an excellent quality. The flavor of the strawberry has not been improved by cultivation, though its size has been greatly increased; but the wild blackberry and raspberry are equal to any raised in the gardens. If their fare was coarse, it was wholesome and good, and there was generally no lack. A few day's hunting at the proper season was sufficient to provide flesh-food for several months.

There was abundance of venison in the forests, and wild turkeys were often seen in large flocks. Upon these it was unnecessary to spend ammunition, and they were usually caught in traps, or covered pens with the lower part of one side left open. Corn was strewed around, and the foolish birds entered, but not discovering a way of escape at the top, never thought to retreat by the entrance at the bottom. If the turkey was young and tender, it might be prepared for the table by skinning it, instead of plucking, and roasting it on a spit before an open fire, catching the gravy in a dripping-pan. Stoves were of course unknown, and all the cooking was done on the hearth or out of doors. In the scarcity of other

game, opossums were occasionally used for food. The flesh is juicy and has a taste resembling pork, and is still a great favorite among our colored people. Quails were not then numerous, as they seem to follow civilization, rather than precede it. The streams abounded in fish of a good quality, and they were caught by the trot-line, the single hook, or the gig. This was the work of the boys.

The skins of the wild beasts that were shot were brought to the cabins by the hunters, and there prepared for use. Deer skins were tanned, and from this material were manufactured moccasins, and clothing for the men. The hair was removed mostly by covering them for a while with ashes and water; they were then rubbed with soft soap, lye, and the brains of the deer. All of these substances contain alkali, and were of use in removing whatever fat or tissue might have adhered to the skin. Then, after lying for two or three days in a steeping-vat or trough, the skins were stretched over a smooth round log, from which the bark had been removed, and scraped with a graining-knife. Dressing with the brains of the animal rendered the skin soft and pliable; and many of the settlers became skillful curriers. Bear skins were dried and used for robes, and often spread on the cabin floors or lofts for beds. Very few buffaloes were found in Ohio, though when Daniel Boone and his companions settled in Kentucky they saw them there in large numbers. Wolves were quite common in some localities, and occasionally the panther's scream terrified the inhabitants of the wilderness; but domestic animals were seldom destroyed by them.

At the table, hot drinks were made with sassafras root, spice-wood, or sycamore bark. In rare instances genuine tea or coffee was to be had; but to be sure of the one or the other, it was necessary for travelers to carry it with them. Thus Bishop Asbury being fond of tea, always carried a little caddy of it in his saddle-bags, that he might have a drawing of it after a hard day's ride. Parched grains of corn or rye were pounded up as a substitute for coffee; and the late

venerable John F. Wright on one of his early circuits was served with a decoction of roasted "nubbins." He preferred the sweet milk, of which his hostess had abundance; though the other had been prepared especially for him!

Of corn-meal, bread was prepared in various ways. The simplest method, perhaps, was to mix the meal with salt and water into a stiff dough, and to bake it on the hot stones of the fire-place, swept clean—in which case it was called "johnny-cake." If thinly spread on a board or in an iron pan and set upright before the fire to bake, it was "hoe-cake;" and if mixed with eggs and baked in a Dutch oven, it was "pone." "Corn-dodgers" were thick cakes, like wheaten rolls, in which hog's-fat or lard had been mixed with the meal. Hominy was prepared by soaking the corn in a strong lye of wood ashes to remove the outside bran, and then washing it thoroughly in clean water. The meal was often made into mush, and eaten with milk from wooden bowls or noggins. If fried with the jelly of meat liquor, it was called by the Pennsylvania Dutch "suppawn," and was regarded as a toothsome and nourishing diet.

Swine were after a while introduced among the pioneers, and were fattened chiefly on wild mast. The whole Ohio valley was covered with forests, and the oak, hickory, and bitter-nut furnished all that the swine needed in the Fall. In Spring and Summer there was sufficient grazing, with other fodder, so that there was no necessity of feeding. In Winter the shoats were slaughtered, and the meat not needed for present consumption was cured for use in the hot weather when venison was not in condition. The head and feet of the hogs were used to make "souse" or "head-cheese;" and the jelly obtained from the water in which they were boiled was sometimes used in cooking.

The pioneers did not find it necessary to provide much fodder for their cattle, as the Winters were never severe, the snow rarely lay longer than three days at a time, and the river bottoms were covered with an excellent quality of grass. Nearly all Winter long there was good grazing.

ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF NINETEEN.

A RUSTIC youth in humble state,
 On whom bright fortune ne'er has smiled,
 Why heaves my heart with hopes so great?
 Why throbs my brain with dreams so wild?
 I have not wandered from my home,
 Nor launched beyond my native shore;
 Yet evermore I long to roam—
 A pilgrim all this wide world o'er.

I have not knelt with brow upraised,
 Where dread Ningara thunders by;
 Nor stood with folded arms and gazed
 O'er prairies arched with sunset sky,
 I have not braved the frozen North,
 And on eternal ice-Alps stood,
 And sent my awe-struck spirit forth
 To pierce that mystic solitude.

I long to muse o'er mighty mounds,
 That fill this wild, mysterious West;
 And dream what years have rolled their rounds
 Since their last builders sank to rest;
 To stand on Mexic's pyramids,
 And dateless funes of Yucatan,
 And ask those books, with long sealed lids,
 If east or west first cradled man.

I have not rocked on ocean's waste,
 And heard its endless anthems roll,
 And, as the starlit deck I paced,
 Caught ocean's evidence in my soul;
 I have not trod those grand old climes
 Where sages, kings, and heroes throng,
 The lands of haunting names and times,
 Of art and empire, love and song.

I long to roam through storied piles,
 Through castles and cathedrals dim,
 And hear through gray old vaults and aisles
 The organ peal its glorious hymn;
 To stand entranced where Avon sweeps,
 Till Shakespeare's mighty shade come forth,
 Or muse where deathless Milton sleeps,
 Till Milton's angels walk the earth.

I long to pace the Wartburg's cell,
 To wander by the castled Rhine,

And shout the wizard name of Tell,
 Where Alpine peaks and glaciers shine;
 I long to pause by Tiber's shore,
 Where Rome's eternal columns rise,
 And dream the *Aeneid* o'er and o'er
 Beneath Italia's witching skies.

I long to view thy crumbling pride,
 O glorious "city by the sea!"
 Along thy liquid streets to glide,
 While phantom Doges sail with me.
 I long to tread thy magic strand,
 Immortal Greece, the muses' shrine,
 And roam o'er all that haunted land
 Where genius made a world divine.

I long to pore on Homer's page
 By Simois' waves, or Priam's gate;
 To kindle with Achilles' rage;
 Or mourn at godlike Hector's fate;
 Or trace Ulysses' matchless woe,
 His constant spouse, his princely boy,
 Till the great master bends his bow,
 And righteous vengeance seals the joy.

But ah, earth owns one holiest clime,
 Where holiest bards and prophets spoke;
 Where God in man once lived sublime,
 And dying, death's dread scepter broke!
 I long to bend where Christ expired,
 And pour the pilgrim's passioned prayer,
 Till humbled, purified, inspired,
 I live in him who conquered there.

In him! Grant this, how'er the rest
 May fall, from powers that shape man's life;
 For in him living I am blest,
 However shifts earth's changeful strife.
 Though lands of songs my feet ne'er tread,
 Though ne'er from Zion breathes my prayer,
 Yet faith sees God for aye o'erhead,
 His love makes song-land every-where.

Then, though I tread an humble round,
 And walk the vale of life obscure,
 I yet shall scorn time's narrow bound,
 And mount to grandeurs that endure;
 Shall find, beyond this darkling ball,
 A clime where mind and soul shall feast
 On truth and beauty passing far
 The glory of earth's west or east.

BILLY AND SIBBEL HIBBARD.

IN one of Dr. Bushnell's ablest sermons he discusses this topic—"Every man's life a plan of God." That discourse contains some forcible passages concerning the fact that each human being lives a life peculiarly and exclusively his own.

This principle has usually been recognized by writers of biography, as we may conclude from the titles and contents of their works. Rarely is the life of a man or woman deemed to be so inseparably connected with the life of any other person as to be included in the same sketch or volume. In biographical literature there is sometimes a grouping of several characters for artistic effect, wherein subordinate persons serve as background and shading to the central figure. "Napoleon and his Marshals," and "Asbury and his Coadjutors," are works of that description. It is however a rule which scarcely admits of exception, that each individual life must stand solitary and alone in the judgment and memory of men.

But we can not doubt that truth and propriety often suggest concerning those "who were lovely and pleasant in their lives," that "in death," and in the memorials written after their death, they should be not divided. "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder." Many an otherwise admirable tribute to the memory of a noble and heroic itinerant preacher is manifestly incomplete and inadequate, because it was unaccompanied by a similar tribute to the memory of his equally noble and heroic wife.

Such thoughts have suggested the double heading of this article. It includes one name which has been a household word among Methodists for three-quarters of a century; and another, not a whit less worthy of honor, which has been less generally but not less sacredly remembered among those who knew or have heard about her.

The Rev. Billy Hibbard was born in Norwich, Connecticut, February 24, 1771, and reared in strict Puritan faith. His autobi-

ography contains an interesting account of his religious experience—awful despair succeeded by intense joy—at the age of twelve. From this evidently genuine conversion he relapsed into thoughtless gayety and sin. Describing his life at school he says: "I began to swear a little (carefully) when among the boys who practiced it, though I dared not swear before those that I thought would tell my father."

From his boyhood he manifested marked peculiarity of temperament and eccentricity of character. Impressions made upon his mind, whether in wakefulness or in sleep, were always vivid and strong. When he was a child, just before he moved with his father from Norwich to Berkshire, a churlish neighbor threatened to hang him for breaking off some willow twigs that grew near his barn. The threat was not forgotten by the boy, and he refrained from visiting his old home for fear of being hung, though he was not conscious of having done wrong. One night some years afterward, while sleeping in the chamber under the roof, he dreamed that he went to Norwich, and was near the house of the man who had threatened him with such an awful punishment. Relating the story of the dream he writes: "I thought of the willow sticks, and concluded he could not scare me now as he did when I was a small boy. Just then I saw a man coming with a rope in his hand. As we met I knew him, and he looked at me as stern as vengeance, and asked, 'Are you the boy that got sticks from my willows?' I said, 'I got sticks from some willows in the road.' 'Well,' said he, 'I said I would hang you, and now I will do it' (fixing a noose in the rope to put it over my head). I said, 'You will do it if you are stronger than I am,' and drawing back my fist, I let drive at his breast a full blow. He stood as one amazed and afraid to stir; and I felt as though I had broken all the bones in my hand. I put my fist down by my side and passed along, rolling my eye at him, expres-

sive of readiness to give him a harder blow than that. He seemed to sheer off, as though he was as glad to get away as I was. My hand pained me so that I awoke and found my bed bloody and the skin knocked off my knuckles, so that the bones were bare. The next morning I found some pieces of skin on the rafters over my bed. . . . Now, if I had been one of that sort of people who never have dreams, I should not have had to dress my wounded knuckles with the bones laid bare for five or six weeks."

When twenty-one years of age, through the influence of Methodist preachers, he was led to seek the restoration of the divine favor. Few young men, even in his day, embraced the doctrines and associations of Methodism amidst greater obstacles than did Billy Hibbard. Against his will, his friends insisted on having dancing at his wedding. Concerning the affair he wrote: "The company saw my agitation and knew the cause. The fiddler (poor black fellow) saw it, and it touched his heart so that he never rested after this until God set his soul at liberty, and he broke his fiddle."

So much was said against his joining the despised Methodists, that his wife, a delicate and sensitive creature, told him "she was ashamed to show her head." His father also turned against him, but Billy Hibbard was firm as a rock. He held many an argument with the old men concerning Calvinism, and they spoke of him among themselves as "a dangerous young man to talk with." His wife after many struggles overcame her objections to the Methodists and chose them for her own people. Young Hibbard was very much rejoiced, and soon began to preach. His first sermon was delivered in a tavern kept by a professed deist in Hinsdale Flats, Massachusetts.

The record of his effective ministry, beginning in 1797, when he was twenty-six years of age, covers a period of thirty-three years, extending to 1830, when he retired to his little farm in Cannan, New York, his name having been placed on the list of superannuated men. During those thirty-three years in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and several counties of New York, including

Long Island and New York City, from one appointment to another, he went forth

"A herald of mercy and truth."

And his preaching was "in the demonstration of the Spirit and with power."

His originality and quaintness attracted large numbers to hear him preach. He was a strong man in the pulpit, but his best strength, his keenest logic, wit, and sarcasm seemed to be reserved for unforeseen occasions, as he mingled with all sorts of men, and was attacked by skeptics and confronted by revilers of the religion of Christ. The permanent establishment of Methodism in Cow Harbor (Centerport), Long Island, has been attributed to his forcible and faithful defense of Christianity against the sophistries of an infidel ringleader on board a vessel in which he sailed from New York.

Concerning his appointment to one of his large circuits he writes: "Coming from a circuit where I had lively meetings, and from among a people of quite different fashions, it proved somewhat trying at first, but I applied myself to study and much prayer. The Bible was my principal book. I also this year renewed the study of medicine. . . A study of the diseases of the body as well as those of the mind, quickened my soul in the work of the ministry. . . . Traveling about three hundred miles in four weeks and preaching about twenty-eight times, and meeting more than twenty classes, including between four and five hundred members, afforded me but little time for study; yet I could redeem two or three hours each day, besides those I took out of my sleeping hours." The study of medicine under those circumstances is proof of his enterprise and industry, and it true that his knowledge and skill in that line gained the respect and confidence of many; but the division of his time and attention was doubtless a mistake, and the wonder is that it did not militate more seriously against his ministerial success.

Sickness detained him from the conference session in 1802, but a short time afterward, on going to his new circuit, he was ordained elder by Bishop Asbury, whom he found

without money enough to pay his ferrage across the Croton River. He gave the bishop all he had except two shillings and sixpence, which he reserved to pay his way to Rhinebeck. After a few weeks he returned to his former charge for the purpose of moving his family, but he was taken sick on the day he landed at Smithtown Harbor, Long Island, and learned that his wife and children had been sick also during nearly the whole time of his absence. After some delay, sick as they were, they moved to Rhinebeck, and when he had paid all expenses he had but sixpence left. Seeing no other way out of the difficulty he betook himself to prayer. A friend from New York called, and left him five dollars. His illness increased, and he was often delirious, at which times he was accustomed to preach and sing and pray, and his friends gave him a rather equivocal compliment, saying that "he preached better in his delirium than when he had his senses." At the next annual conference session, though feeble and scarcely able to attend, he spoke to an overflowing congregation in the open air, and afterward to a crowd in the church so loud that he was heard half a mile away, and the word was attended with alarming and converting power. The people were actually frightened, when, stretching out his emaciated arms and his long slender fingers, and rolling up his hollow, ghastly eyes, he described the torments of the rich man in hell. The next day in replying before the conference to the complaint that was made against him for disturbing the order of the meeting, he said: "It is against my principles to interrupt any meeting for worship, but I can not say that I am sorry for what has been done, seeing I had no design to interrupt, and we had so good a time of it." The bishop responded, "You have said enough. It was a good time."

He was at least twice a member of the General Conference, and he served as an army chaplain in the war of 1812. In 1843 his comfortable house with valuable manuscripts and other treasures was burned to the ground. It had been a home for his family for upwards of thirty-one years, and

its loss was a severe trial; but he bore the affliction bravely, and friends afforded sympathy and assistance.

He died in peace August 17, 1844, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. In a letter to the writer, his son, Rev. F. G. Hibbard, D. D., thus describes his departure: "He had just returned from a tour to Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New Jersey, after having attended the General Conference in New York in the month of May. On his return to his home in Canaan, New York, he hastened to the adjoining town, Richmond, Massachusetts, to see his old friend of the New York Conference, the Rev. Lewis Pease. They met and fell into each other's arms, weeping, and for a moment speechless, when my father sobbed out, 'O brother Pease, the glory has departed,' alluding to the separation of the Southern conferences from the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was a man of deeply sensitive nature, and next to his love for God was the love he cherished for his Church. There is no doubt that this awakening of the powerful sympathies of his nature was an inducing cause of the active inflammatory disease that so suddenly terminated his life. He was almost immediately taken with violent symptoms, and after a few days' suffering passed to his eternal rest. When he saw his time had come he promptly reached forth his hand, and took that of my mother, saying 'My dear, we must part.' When asked how he felt in view of death, he replied, 'My mind is calm as a Summer's eve.' When asked if death had any terror, he replied, 'No, surely.' He was buried in the Canaan cemetery, about a mile from his home, where sleep most of the old and honored members of the Church. The poor followed him to the grave weeping, and saying they had lost a friend."

Billy Hibbard was a remarkable man. He excelled in heroism and in deep spiritual experience. He possessed a strong, logical mind, and was passionately fond of discussion. He was a thorough Methodist, and perhaps none ever surpassed him in ardent devotion to the Church. But the most marked and distinguishing characteristic of

this eminent minister of Jesus Christ, for which he will be longest remembered, and without mention of which no portraiture would be quickly recognized by his old friends, is the droll quaintness manifest in whatever he did or said.

While traveling the Long Island Circuit, in 1801, he covered his black, ministerial coat with a "watch-coat of lion-skin cloth," in order that he might not be recognized as a preacher, and that he "might find more work to do" in reproofing people who would not have been so likely to swear in his presence if they had taken him for a parson. He writes, "The oddity of my dress puzzled people to tell what I was. Some thought I was a Quaker, and some took me for a drover, and some took me for a plain country farmer." His conversation was sometimes a more effectual remedy for despondency than his medicines. "A single sentence," writes one of his brethren, "uttered with the utmost gravity, and without any apparent design of ruffling the smooth surface of conversation, would sometimes suddenly disarm the best-guarded sobriety, and all but the one man himself would find it difficult to preserve their self-possession."

When Bishop Asbury expressed surprise that, being present, he did not answer to the name, William Hibbard, when it was called by the conference secretary, he replied, "My name is not William, but Billy." "But that is a boy's name," said the bishop, "and you are not a boy." "But I was a boy when my father named me," was the ready reply. The bishop joined in the laughter, but could say no more.

The Rev. Fitch Reed, D. D., records the following conversational discourse by Billy Hibbard in 1818. "He sat down by me at my first interview, and thus addressed me. 'Brother Reed, you are young and have much to learn; I am old [Reed was twenty-three years of age and Hibbard was forty-seven], and perhaps a little of my experience may be of service to you. When I set out on my pilgrimage I had a great desire for knowledge, for I read in the Guide-book that it is not good for the soul to be without knowledge; so, as I traveled on, I presently came to the

tree of knowledge. "Here," said I, "is just what I want. I will climb this tree and get knowledge." So I climbed till I came to the first limb, and there I sat down to rest myself. From this height I could see a great way off, and began to flatter myself that I knew a great deal, and was quite puffed up with the thought. Meanwhile the old serpent lay coiled up among the leaves just over my head; and before I was aware of it, bit my right ear. I hastened down as soon as possible, and went on my journey, but found that my ear was sore, so that some kind of noises hurt it amazingly. If I heard any body say "Amen," or "Glory to God," it hurt my ear. After a while I came to the tree of life, and plucking off some of its leaves I bound them to my bitten ear, and instantly it was healed, and noises no longer troubled me. Now, my brother, while you are gaining knowledge—and you may gain all that you can—look out that the old serpent does n't bite your ear.' The moral of all this he left for me to find out and apply for myself."

On one occasion, while leading class, he said to the eminently pious mother of the Harper Brothers, "I fear, sister Harper, that you do not pray in secret." The minister was soon off on horseback, and the good sister's heart was crushed. In sadness she waited for three long weeks for the preacher's return, that she might have an opportunity to ask him to explain. When he reached her home on his next round, she made haste to inquire how he came to have such an opinion of her. He replied, "Why, sister Harper, they all say that you pray out in the barn, and get so earnest that all the neighbors hear you, and although I rather liked it, I thought there was nothing secret about it!"

He claimed to have cured a woman who had been bedridden for twelve years, by advising her to go before sunrise to a cold spring that gushed from a hill-side a short distance from the house, and drink a wine-glass full of water, putting into it a tea-spoonful of Indian meal, and then pray to the Lord. In eight weeks she was able to attend a meeting, and gave thanks to God

for her recovery. He said afterward that awaking in the morning and walking fifty yards in the pure air, and prayer to God at this early hour, was certainly a good remedy, and that drinking a little cold water was good, and a tea-spoonful of Indian meal would hurt no one.

Let us not imagine that such memorials

will soon cease to be written. There still are, and always will be, in the ranks of the ministry men of unique and imitable traits, possessing a peculiar fascination because of their unlikeness to other men; and their pleasing peculiarities will be rather magnified than diminished in the thoughts of the generations after they are dead.

KNICKERBOCKER LITERATURE.

SECOND SERIES.

IN a previous number of the NATIONAL REPOSITORY* the writer of this paper gave a brief account of eleven prominent contributors to what has been called the "Knickerbocker Literature." (They were Bryant, Cooper, Drake, Halleck, Hoffman, Irving, Morris, Paulding, Verplanck, Willis, and Woodworth.) It is the object of this article, in continuation of the same subject, to give chronologically short sketches of some score or more of other essayists, historians, novelists, and poets who, in prose or verse, contributed to that literature during the first half of the present century. A few of these writers are still with us, but the larger proportion of those I shall mention have, crowned with years and honors, passed away to join the "dead but sceptered sovereigns who still rule over our spirit from their urns."

JOHN PIERPONT, for twoscore years a constant contributor to New York periodicals, was a native of Litchfield, Connecticut (1785-1866), and a lineal descendant of the Rev. James Pierpont, the second minister of New Haven. Entering Yale College, he completed his course in 1804, passing the succeeding four years in South Carolina as a tutor in the family of Colonel William Allston, a kinsman of the well-known poet and painter, Washington Allston, (1799-1843). Returning to the north, Pierpont studied law, and practiced for a time at Newburyport; but his health requiring more active

employment, he abandoned the profession to engage in mercantile pursuits, first in Boston, and afterwards in Baltimore, in which city he, in 1816, published his "Airs of Palestine." The volume was twice reprinted and made him favorably known as a poet. Abandoning business, he studied theology, and in 1819 he was ordained pastor of a Unitarian Church in Boston. He passed a portion of 1835-6 in Europe, and in 1840, issued an enlarged edition of his poetical writings. A most zealous reformer, Pierpont powerfully advocated the anti-slavery and temperance causes; was a candidate for governor of Massachusetts, and in 1850 of the Free-soil party for Congress. When the rebellion broke out, although seventy-six years of age, the energetic old poet went to the war as chaplain of the 22d Massachusetts Infantry, and was afterwards employed in the Treasury Department at Washington in compiling in one volume "A Digest of the Decisions and Instructions of the Treasury Department to Collectors of Customs," in fifty-four folio volumes. Mr. Chase said, "I regard this labor as a monument of talent and industry, and one of inestimable value in conducting the correspondence of the department." In addition to his numerous poems Pierpont published many addresses and discourses, and edited a popular series of school-readers. A short time before his death, at Medford, in his native State, the writer spent an evening with the well-preserved old poet and his second wife, and found him at fourscore still in the enjoy-

* November, 1878.

ment of what Dr. Johnson happily calls "the sunshine of life." Among his papers was found a half-sheet filed and addressed in the handwriting of the poet Charles Sprague (1791-1872), then cashier of a Boston bank, inclosing a promissory note for fifteen hundred dollars, signed by Pierpont and indorsed by a Boston publisher. On the face of the note was written, also by Sprague, the following couplet:

"Behold a wonder seldom seen by men,
Lines of no value from John Pierpont's pen."

RICHARD HENRY DANA, the longest-lived of American authors (1787-1879), was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts. He was a member of one of the Brahmin families of his native State, and he numbered among his ancestors Anne Bradstreet, whose poems were published two centuries ago. Young Dana was educated at Newport, and entered Harvard College, remaining there for three years, but took no degree at that time, having been concerned in the Rotten Cabbage Rebellion, which occurred in 1807. The only surviving member of his class remembers him as a sensitive and studious youth. He studied law and was admitted to the Boston bar; but, like Bryant, he soon abandoned the profession for a more congenial one, becoming assistant editor of the *North American Review*. Among his most important contributions to its pages are his criticisms of the new school of English poetry, of which Wordsworth and Coleridge were the great leaders. When the *Review* passed to other hands Dana removed, in 1821, to New York, and entered upon the publication of *The Idle Man*, a serial of somewhat similar character to Irving's "Sketch Book," in which he was aided by Allston, Bryant, and Verplanck. In its pages appeared Dana's vigorous story of "Tom Thornton," and many of his ablest essays. Finding that he was writing himself into debt, *The Idle Man* was in the following year discontinued. To the *New York Review* he, in 1825, contributed his earliest poem, "The Dying Raven," and in the same year and work was printed "The Husband's and Wife's Grave." The first collection of Dana's poetical writings, containing "The Buccaneer," appeared in

1827. No one can peruse this powerful poem without regretting that Dana did not oftener exercise his eminent powers. In 1833 he published a second volume, reprinting the poems in his first edition with additions, and including his papers in *The Idle Man*. In 1850 his complete works, in two volumes, were published in New York, and are now entirely out of print. In 1838-9 and again in 1848-9 Mr. Dana delivered in New York City and elsewhere a course of eight lectures on Shakespeare. These he prepared for the press, and it is to be hoped that they will hereafter appear in print, together with his admirable writings in prose and verse. I last saw the venerable poet in August, 1878, at his Summer retreat at Cape Ann, near Manchester, between which place and his town house, in Boston, he nearly equally divided his time. He survived his wife above half a century, and died as she died, on a Sabbath morning. One of his sons wrote the delightful work "Two Years Before the Mast," and a grandson bearing his name married a daughter of the poet Longfellow.

JAMES ABRAHAM HILLHOUSE, a native of Sachem's Head, near New Haven (1789-1841), graduated at Yale College in 1808, and spent many of his early years in New York engaged in mercantile pursuits. On his return from a visit to Europe he married, and retired to Sachem's Head, where he devoted himself to literature rather than an amusement than an occupation. His first poem, entitled "The Judgment," appeared in New York in 1812. "Percy's Masque," the successful attempt of one of the Percys to recover his ancestral home of Alnwick Castle, was issued in London in 1820, and re-issued in New York the same year. In 1824 Hillhouse published the sacred drama of "Hadad," and in 1839 a collective edition in two volumes of his poetical writings. He was also the author of numerous addresses and discourses delivered on various occasions. Macaulay's father spoke of him as "the most accomplished young man with whom he was acquainted," and Halleck wrote of him :

"Hillhouse, whose music, like his themes,
Lifts earth to heaven; whose poet dreams

Are pure and holy as the hymn
Echoed from harp of seraphim,
By bards that drank at Zion's fountain,
When glory, peace, and hope was hers,
And beautiful upon her mountain
The feet of angel messengers."

Hillhouse was a man of spotless character; and, as a poet, united vigor of thought to a brilliant fancy, an exquisite taste, and a correct and elegant diction.

JOHN WAKEFIELD FRANCIS, a pupil of Hosack and Abernethy, was a native of New York, in which city he died, at the age of seventy-two (1789-1861). He was a graduate of Columbia College, and, in 1860, received from the venerable institution the degree of LL. D. In his youth he was employed as a printer, but in 1807 began the study of medicine under Dr. David Hosack, and was his partner until 1820. They together edited the *American Medical and Philosophical Register*. In 1814 Francis visited Europe, and was a pupil of the celebrated Abernethy. While residing in Edinburgh he met many of the literary magnates of that city, of whom the genial doctor was ever after delighted to speak. He became one of the best known physicians in New York, filling many professorships in medical institutions. He was a constant contributor to medical journals, and wrote many sketches of the distinguished men of his time. Few literary, scientific, or theatrical notabilities came to New York between the years 1820 and 1860 without becoming acquainted with Francis, and being entertained at his hospitable mansion in Bond Street. The purely literary work by which he is most likely to be remembered is his "Old New York; or, Reminiscences of the Past Sixty Years." Dr. Francis was married, and left several sons.

WILLIAM LEETE STONE, the companion of Cooper and Halleck, was a native of Ulster County, New York (1792-1844). He removed with the family in 1809 to Cooperstown, where he assisted his father, the Rev. William Stone, in the care of his farm, but at the age of seventeen became an apprentice in a newspaper office. After editing papers at Herkimer and Hudson, he made his way to New York, and for twenty-three

years he was the editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*. He also became a prolific author, his most important works being memoirs of Brandt and Red Jacket, a History of Wyoming, and Border Wars of the American Revolution. He had completed the collection and arrangement of the materials for an extended Memoir of Sir William Johnson at the time of his death at Saratoga Springs, since completed and published by his son of the same name, who is a frequent contributor to the periodicals, and the compiler of several valuable historical works. Colonel Stone, as he was generally called, is said to have been an exceedingly amiable man, always ready to lend his aid to charitable and religious objects through the columns of the valuable daily journal of which he was so long the leading editor.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE (1792-1852), actor, author, and poet, was born in New York, the sixth of a family of nine children. His precocity was wonderful. At the age of fourteen, while a clerk in a counting-house, he clandestinely edited the *Thespian Mirror*, a weekly journal. The following year he entered Union College, where he remained for two terms, and in 1809 he made a highly successful *début* at the Park Theater as young Norval. Before the war of 1812-14 Payne went to England, where he played at Drury Lane and other theaters in Great Britain, with a fair measure of success. While living in London and Paris, where he was intimate with Washington Irving, he wrote a host of dramas, chiefly adaptations from the French. In one of these, "Clari, or the Maid of Milan," occurs his deathless song of "Home, Sweet Home," which made the fortunes of all concerned except the unfortunate author. By it Payne will be remembered long after his multitude of dramas are entirely forgotten, which, indeed, has very nearly happened already, and the melancholy fact will also be remembered that the poor poet never knew what it was to have a home after the age of thirteen, when his mother died. His father soon followed, and despite the tenderness of his heart he, like Irving, maintained his celibacy and homelessness, dying at Tunis, on the distant shore

of the Mediterranean, where he was then living as the American consul. A handsome monument has been erected there to his memory, which is to be seen in the cemetery of St. George. Payne was a correspondent of Coleridge and Charles Lamb, and intimate with many of the most eminent literary men of England. A sumptuous and limited edition of his life and poems was recently published, in which appears a fine steel portrait.

MACDONALD CLARKE, the mad poet, was a native of New London, Connecticut (1798-1842). Little is known of him beyond the fact that he and the poet Brainard were playmates, till he appeared in New York in 1819, and soon afterwards married an actress. Clarke was for more than twenty years one of the features of Broadway; was always celebrating in extravagant verse the beauties and charms of the belles of the town, and the topics of the day, and was familiarly known as "the mad poet." He was a lyrist of the order of Nathaniel Lee, one of those wits in whose heads, according to Dryden, genius is divided from madness by a thin partition. Clarke's oddities, as Halleck told the writer, were all amiable. He had no vices, always preserved gentility of deportment, and was a regular attendant at Grace Church. He was a frequent contributor to the metropolitan press, and published in the course of a quarter of a century five volumes of verse. His last poems, entitled "A Cross and a Coronet," appeared in 1841. One of his couplets is often quoted:

"Now twilight lets her curtain down,
And pins it with a star."

It is also frequently used in the following form:

"Night dropped her sable curtain down and pinned it
with a star."

Clarke died at the age of forty-four, and was buried in Greenwood Cemetery, at the Poet's Mound, Sylvan Water, where a modest monument marks his grave. Halleck made him the hero of a poem called "The Discarded;" and on his brother poet Clarke could always rely for pecuniary aid when all other resources failed. He often said, "I would rather have a kind word from that

noble man, Fitz-Greene Halleck, than from any emperor."

ROBERT CHARLES SANDS, essayist and poet, was graduated at Columbia College in 1815. He was the son of a Revolutionary patriot, and a prominent merchant of New York City, where he was born in the last year of the eighteenth century (1799-1832). Sands studied law, and in 1820 was admitted to the bar; but the profession proved uncongenial, and, like his friends Bryant and Dana, he left it to devote himself exclusively to literature. His most important poetical work, entitled "Yamoyden," was written by him and his classmate, James W. Eastburn (1797-1819), and his last appeared about a week before his untimely death at Hoboken, where he resided for several years. It was here that Bryant, Sands, and Verplanck wrote the three volumes of "The Talisman," and it was also here that the members of "The Sketch Club" frequently met. Sands was also associated with Bryant in the brace of volumes called "Tales of Glauber Spa," to which Miss Sedgwick, Paulding, and Leggett were also contributors. He was from 1827 till his death one of the editors of the *Commercial Advertiser*. Sands never married. His was a tender and loving nature, and few men were ever more sincerely mourned. Verplanck edited his prose and poetical writings, and wrote a memoir of his friend.

CAROLINE MATILDA KIRKLAND, née Stansbury, was a native of New York (1801-1864). After the death of her father, who was a bookseller, the family removed to Geneva, where she married Professor William Kirkland (1800-1846), who afterwards established a seminary at Seneca Lake. He was the author of a series of admirable "Letters from Abroad," written after a residence in Europe, and of numerous contributions to the periodicals. In 1846, the year of his death, he began, with the Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D. D., the *Christian Inquirer*, a weekly Unitarian journal. In 1855 the family emigrated to Michigan, from whence they removed to New York City in 1849. Mrs. Kirkland's first work, "A New Home, Who'll Follow?" appeared in 1839, "Forest

Life" in 1842, and "*Western Clearings*" in 1846. After her husband's death, she undertook the education of young ladies, and in the following year resumed her pen, editing the *Union Magazine* for eighteen months. As the fruit of a visit to Europe Mrs. Kirkland published in 1849 "*Holidays Abroad*," followed by numerous other volumes, including a well written *Life of Washington*. This successful teacher, charming conversationalist, and admirable author, died suddenly, a victim to her patriotic and disinterested efforts in behalf of the success of the great New York Sanitary Fair.

JAMES GORDON BROOKS (1801-1841), the son of a Revolutionary soldier, was born at Claverack on the Hudson, and was graduated at Union College. He studied law at Poughkeepsie, but never engaged actively in the profession. It was at this that place he first became known as a poet. Removing to New York he entered upon the publication of several short-lived periodicals, in one of which he was associated with James Lawson, a Scottish poet, now a resident of Yonkers. In 1828 Brooks married Miss Mary Elizabeth Aiken, of Poughkeepsie, and in the following year they published "*The Rivals of Este, and other Poems*, by James G. and Mary E. Brooks." In 1830, they removed to Virginia, where Mr. Brooks edited a paper for a few years, and again changed his residence to Albany, where he died. His widow survived him for many years. Half a century ago the now forgotten singers' was one of the brightest poetical names of the day, and always mentioned along with those of Bryant, Dana, Halleck, Percival, Pierpont, Pinckney, Sprague, and Woodsworth. Leggett at that time wrote a series of biographies of the most prominent American poets, which included all of the above except Dana. As Byron well says, "There is a fortune in fame, as in almost every thing else in this world."

WILLIAM LEGGETT, an accomplished miscellaneous writer, and for many years one of the editors of the *Evening Post*, was a native of New York City (1802-1839). After graduating at Georgetown College, at the age of twenty, he entered the navy as a midshipman. Resigning from the service in

1826, he began in his native city the career of a man of letters. His first publication was a volume of poems, and he was a constant contributor to the annuals and magazines of the day. In 1829 he became one of the editors of the *Post*, having previously married and settled at New Rochelle, where he died. In 1840 there appeared a collection of his political writings, selected and arranged, with a preface, by his friend Theodore Sedgewick, Jr. Bryant was one of Leggett's warmest admirers, and wrote tributes to his memory both in prose and verse. From the latter we take the following lines:

"The words of fire that from his pen
Were flung upon the fervid page
Still more, still shake the hearts of men,
Amid a cold and coward age."

JOHN INMAN, a brother of Henry, the artist, and William, a distinguished commodore of the navy, was born at Utica (1805-1850). With little education he went to the South, where he taught school for ten years, and then with the fruit of his labor, visited Europe. On his return he studied and for a time practiced law, but relinquished it to become the editor of the *New York Standard*. In 1833 he married Miss Fisher, a sister of Clara Fisher, Mrs. Vernon, and John Fisher, three of the comedians of the Park Theater. In the same year Mr. Inman became associate editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*, and on the death of Colonel Stone, in 1844, he succeeded to the chief charge of the journal, a position which he retained until incapacitated by his last illness from performing its duties. He was also for several years the editor of the *Columbian Magazine* and of various volumes of selections, and a contributor to the magazines where his essays, sketches, tales, and occasional poems were favorably received. His versatility as a writer may be estimated from the fact that on one occasion he wrote an entire number of the *Columbian Magazine* while under his charge. Halleck esteemed him highly as a genial companion and an accomplished *litterateur*, and after Inman's death was a faithful friend to his family.

LAUGHTON OSBORNE (1808-1878), a literary recluse who died in December 1878,

was a native of New York City, where his father was a well-known and wealthy physician. Graduating at Columbia College in 1827, where a classmate tells me he was studious and popular, he, in 1831, astonished the town with a rambling imitation of "Tristram Shandy," entitled "Sixty Years of the Life of Jeremy Lewis." At this time a favorite sister died, and the event appears to have tended fully to develop a latent eccentricity. On his return from a year of foreign travel, he lived for nearly half a century in retirement in his native city, writing books and at war with publishers and critics ("who damned with faint praise," the productions of his pen), and, indeed, with the world in general. Osborne's eccentricities surpassed even those of Edgar A. Poe, who said of him, "He is undoubtedly one of nature's own noblemen, full of generosity, courage, honor, chivalrous in every respect, but unhappily carrying his idea of chivalry, or rather of independence, to the point of quixotism, if not of absolute insanity." Osborne was the author of numerous volumes, mostly issued at his own cost, the best known of which is the metrical romance of "Arthur Carryl," "Calvary," a most remarkable tragedy now extremely rare, and "Rubaeta, an epic story of the Island of Manhattan." He was a noticeable and handsome man, and was pointed out to me some twenty years ago. As I recall him he was at least six feet in height, with a fine physique and carriage. Laughton Osborne was not only an accomplished writer of prose and verse, but the master of many modern languages, a good painter and a skilled musician, who, but for his eccentricity or madness, might have been called an American Crichton.

EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809-1849) to some extent a maniac, not always sober or a responsible agent, was born in Boston. While a child he was adopted by John Allan, a wealthy citizen of Richmond, who sent him to England to be educated. Poe afterward entered the University of Virginia, where he excelled in his studies, but was ere long expelled for gambling and other bad conduct. He was in the following year admitted into the Military Academy at West Point, from

which he was also expelled at the expiration of ten months. One of his classmates tells me that his career as a cadet was disgraceful, adding, "I could discover no good in him beyond his ability to make verses." Mr. Allan again received Poe kindly, but was soon compelled for gross misconduct to turn him out of his house. He now entered upon a literary career, winning in 1833, two prizes of one hundred dollars each, offered by a Baltimore publisher. Through the influence of John P. Kennedy, Poe obtained the editorship of the *Southern Literary Messenger*. While in this position he married his cousin, Miss Virginia Clemm, with whom, having been discharged by the publisher, he removed to New York. Here he acquired a precarious living by writing for the magazines, and in 1838, published "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym." The following year he became editor of *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1840 of *Graham's Magazine*, published in Philadelphia; and in 1845, having returned to New York, he published his poem of "The Raven," which made him famous. He next became editor of the *Broadway Journal*, but was so poor that public appeals were made in his behalf by the newspapers. I have in my possession a letter of three pages written at this time by Poe, pleading for a loan of one hundred dollars from a brother poet. In 1849, his wife died, when he went to Richmond, and there, ere long, formed an engagement with a lady of fortune, but before the day appointed for their marriage Poe drank himself into a state of intoxication, and died of *delirium tremens*. His grave remained unmarked till 1875, when the school-teachers of Baltimore placed a monument over it. His works in prose and verse were collected after his death, and published, with a memoir, by Dr. Griswold. Since then Poe's life has been written by Mrs. Whitman, to whom he is said to have been engaged, and by Richard Henry Stoddard, William F. Gill, and John H. Ingram, all of whom view his character more favorably than Griswold. I remember Poe in 1848, as a slight and erect person, with a pale, sad face, and brilliant black eyes, and I recollect Bryant replying to my question

as to his opinion of Poe as a poet by quoting Lowell's lines :

"There comes Poe with his Raven, like Barnaby Rudge,
Three-fifths of him genius, and two-fifths sheer fudge;"
adding that the unfortunate writer's story
was the saddest that had yet been told of an
American author. The London *Spectator*
of March, 1879, denies that Poe was a poet.
If Lord Macaulay was one, then was Edgar
A. Poe, but "neither can claim with justice
that envied name."

ALFRED BILLINGS STREET, the first of
living poets to find a place in our gallery,
was born at Poughkeepsie, December 18,
1811. He was educated at the Dutchess
County Academy; studied law with his
father, General Street; practiced for a few
years, and since 1839 has resided in Albany,
where he long occupied the post of State
Librarian. He is one of our best descriptive
poets and among the most prolific.
Between 1842, when he published "The
Burning of Schenectady and other Poems,"
and 1878, when his latest poem appeared on
the subject of the surrender of Burgoyne at
Saratoga, Mr. Street issued a number of
volumes in prose and verse. His most im-
portant work entitled "Frontenac," a metrical
romance, appeared in 1848, and has
been highly praised by Bryant and Lord
Beaconsfield, who said that it was char-
acterized by originality and poetic fire. Some
of Street's poems have been translated into
German.

HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN (1813-
1871), a miscellaneous writer, and not un-
known as a poet, was a native of Boston,
who spent a quarter of a century in New
York engaged in literary pursuits. In
1833-4, and again in 1837-8, and in 1852, he
went abroad, residing for some time in Italy
devoting himself to art studies and writing
for American periodicals, in which the bulk
of his works originally appeared. He gave
to the world "The Italian Sketch Book,"
1835; "Sicily, a Pilgrimage," 1839; "Ram-
bles and Reveries," 1841; "Thoughts on the
Poets," 1846; "Artist Life, or Sketches of
American Painters," 1847; "Characteristics
of Literature," 1849, and other books, in-
cluding two volumes of poems. His latest

work, "The Life of John Pendleton Ken-
nedy" (1795-1870), appeared in the same
year that he died. In the Redwood Library
at Newport, where Tuckerman, who never
married, was in the habit for many years of
spending his Summers, there is an interesting
memorial of the amiable and accom-
plished author, who was known in the best
society of Newport and New York. It con-
sists of his own copies of all his published
works, inclosed in a beautiful casket of
cedar and ebony, accompanied by his por-
trait, the whole a gift to the Library from
Mr. Tuckerman's sister.

EVERT AUGUSTUS DUYCKINCK (1816-
1878), a scholar of singularly pure and stain-
less character, was the son of a New York
publisher. He was educated in his native
city, graduating from Columbia College in
1835. He studied law in the office of John
Anthon, and was admitted to the bar; but
his tastes and associations inclined him
to a literary life, and his fortune permitted
him to pursue that calling which Sir Walter
Scott said was "a good staff but a poor
crutch." After an extended tour in the
Old World, Mr. Duyckinck returned to
New York, and in 1840 commenced, with
Cornelius Matthews, a new monthly called
Arcturus, a Journal of Books and Opinions,
which was continued through three volumes.
To this work he contributed many admir-
able essays and reviews. In 1847 he estab-
lished *The Literary World*, which, with the ex-
ception of an interval of about a year, when
it was conducted by Charles Fenno Hoffman,
was carried on to the close of 1853, by him
and his brother, George Long Duyckinck
(1823-1868). On the termination of this
weekly literary journal in the (Judgment of
the poet Dana, the best ever published in this
country), the brothers were again united in
a work, to which their familiarity with the
writings of living authors formed a useful
preparation, "The Cyclopædia of American
Literature." The first edition of this noble
work appeared in 1856, and ten years later
a supplement was added by the surviving
brother. Duyckinck next edited a volume
entitled "The Wit and Wisdom of Sydney
Smith, with a Biographical Memoir and

Notes," a work which passed through numerous editions. In 1862, he wrote the letter press to the "National Portrait Gallery of Eminent Americans," published in two quarto volumes, and edited a "Contemporary History of the War for the Union," which appeared in three volumes. He also edited a "History of the World" in four volumes, and many other books, including an edition of Shakespeare, in the editorship of which he was associated with William Cullen Bryant. His last literary labor was preparing a privately printed "Memorial of Fitz-Greene Halleck," descriptive of the proceedings at the dedication of the monument at Guilford, Connecticut, and the unveiling of the poet's statue in the Central Park. For the last forty years of his quiet and uneventful life, Mr. Duyckinck resided at No. 20 Clinton Place, New York, where he died on the 13th of August, 1878, and was buried at Tarrytown, near the grave of Washington Irving. He left a widow but no surviving children. His friend William Allen Butler delivered an appreciative memorial sketch of his life and literary labors before the New York Historical Society, January 7, 1879.

WILLIAM ALFRED JONES, an "accomplished essayist," as Bryant once called him, and a member of an old and distinguished family, was born in the city of New York, June 26, 1817. He was graduated from Columbia College in 1836, and read law in company with his classmate John Jay in the office of Daniel Lord. Mr. Jones never practiced his profession, adding one more to the long list of literary aspirants who in early life left the law for literary pursuits. For nearly twenty years he was a constant contributor of essays and literary criticisms to New York periodicals, commencing in 1838 in Park Benjamin's (1809-1864) *American Monthly*, and continuing among others in *Arcturus*, the *Democratic Review*, and the *American Whig Review*. He was for a time associated with Dr. Hawks (1798-1866) in the editorship of the *New York Church Record*, and again with Charles Fenno Hoffman, who is still living, the last survivor of the early contributors to the Knickerbocker Literature, in the *Literary World*, and also

with his brother-in-law, Rev. Dr. Seabury, in editing the *Churchman*. Mr. Jones's first volume, entitled "The Analyst, a Collection of Miscellaneous Papers," appeared in 1840, followed by "Literary Studies," 1847; "Essays upon Authors and Books," 1849; memorial of his father, the Hon. David S. Jones, 1849; and his final collection of essays called "Characters and Criticisms," in two volumes, which appeared in 1857, and were highly commended by Irving, Halleck, Bryant, Dana, and Simms, of South Carolina, all personal friends of the accomplished writer. In 1851 Mr. Jones was appointed Librarian of Columbia College, and retained the position till 1865, when he relinquished it to retire to Norwich, Connecticut, where he still resides. While librarian he published several pamphlets, the most important of which are "The First Century of Columbia College, and the Library of Columbia College," and an "Address on Long Island," read before the Long Island Historical Society. Mr. Jones has been twice married, but has no children. As a critic and essayist he belongs to the school of Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt, and is more of an eighteenth century writer than of the nineteenth. As his various volumes are now entirely out of print, it is to be wished that he might give the public a collection of his most admired and valuable essays, together with some of the later fruit of his practiced pen.

The writer does not pretend to have included in this and his previous paper, all of the brilliant band of American authors who contributed more or less to the Knickerbocker Literature, but he believes that the names of nearly all the most prominent have been mentioned. Others would have been introduced did the limited space at his command permit, such as the travelers, John L. Stephens and Dr. Edward Robinson; the scholars, Professors Francis Lieber, C. S. Henry, Charles Hodge, and Charles King; the dramatists, Charles P. Clinch, William Dunlap, Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt, and M. M. Noah; the medical writers, Doctors David Hosack and Samuel T. Mitchell; the editors, Park Benjamin, William Coleman, the brothers Lewis G. and Willis G. Clark, Dr.

Griswold, Greeley, Gerard Hallock, Shelton Mackenzie, Prime, Raymond, Ripley, and Thurlow Weed; the Scottish singers, Hew Ainslie, James Lawson, and William Wilson; the *litterateurs*, Charles F. Briggs, Cornelius Matthews, Herman Melville, Theodore S. Fay, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, Henry Wheaton, and Frederick S. Cozzens; the clerical authors, Bethune, Bellows, the Abbotts, Bushnell, Chapin, Cheever, Coxe, Hawks, Headley, Osgood, Sheldon, Sprague,

and Bishop Wainwright; and finally the poets, Mrs. Botta (*née* Lynch), Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Seba Smith, Mrs. Sigourney, Isaac M'Lellan, Ralph Hoyt, Granville Mellen, and Clement C. Moore, the author of a universal favorite among American juveniles, entitled, "A Visit from St. Nicholas."

"Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse," etc. etc.

THE PASSION PLAY OF OBER-AMMERGAU.

DURING the past Summer the European world was in quite a ferment in regard to the famous "Passion Play" of Oberammergau, in Upper Bavaria, and the echoes are now reaching us on this side of the water. Ordinary tourists are flocking thither by thousands, and special excursion routes and prices are arranged from London, Paris, and all the principal capitals of Europe. Let us, therefore, be in the fashion, and go along with the crowd.

But a good many will desire to know what it is all about before we start, and to these we say: That this Passion Play is the last relic of the famous miracle plays of the Middle Ages that at one time were so popular that they extended all over Western Europe, and even to England. These doubtless had their origin in the popular Greek plays of the Eastern World, and were presented by Christians as the counterpart and antidote to the pagan teachings of mythology. For a long time they partook in all their uncouth barbarity of a Christian spirit, but at last they degenerated into popular spectacles, many of which became quite demoralizing from the extreme familiarity and irreverence with which Scripture personages were handled. And they at last became such an abuse in the free use of devil and imps that popular sentiment turned against them, and government interference was invoked to suppress them.

But the Oberammergau play was spared

for this pious reason: In the year 1633 the little village was visited by a raging epidemic that carried off a goodly number of its inhabitants, when the suffering people made a vow that in case God would stay the plague they would every ten years continue the Passion Play in pious remembrance of the sufferings of our Savior for a fallen race. The scourge ceased, and the village authorities finally obtained the privilege from the government to continue the play that was prohibited elsewhere, with the proviso that nothing was to be permitted that would do violence to the Christian spirit. Therefore, every ten years since that time, the play has been repeated, and the sacred office, as it is regarded, has become a part and parcel of the popular culture in thankful remembrance of the favor of God to their forefathers. The entire community seems to be born and to live in the spirit of the Passion Play, and to look forward to these periodical recurrences as seasons of great spiritual enjoyment. The performance of the play and all the varied organizations pertaining to it is the matter of the parish authorities, and partakes of the character of a tradition. The choice of the players and the appointment of the characters is materially affected by the moral and religious purity of the individual quite as much as on account of special fitness and aptitude.

The proceeds flow into the village treasury, and the actors are very sparingly paid;

receiving scarcely enough to compensate them for their loss of time and their labor. But their co-operation is an affair of honor, and they prize the distinction so much as to make great efforts to obtain it. The little community numbers twelve hundred inhabitants, and of these about one-half the past Summer were actively engaged in the matter of the play, while the remainder found some employment that affected it. Many of the scenes on the mammoth stage require large numbers to represent popular tumults or fill up the characters of the numerous *tableaux vivants* that usually precede the most significant representations. So that all ages are called into requisition, from the child of three or four years to gray-haired sires. From its tenderest age the child hears of the play, and grows in expectation of filling some part in it, which is the explanation of the fact that in so small a community persons enough can be found to meet all the requirements of the play.

It is quite natural for the stranger to conceive that much of this must seem sacrilege, but to them it is not so; on the contrary, they regard it in the light of a religious office. In the early morning, before each performance, the players gather at the altar of the village church to listen to the mass and go to the confessional; and the present year, the Sunday before the representations began was devoted with peculiar unction by the venerable parish priest to pious preparation for the work of the Summer. From early Spring till late in the Fall every Sabbath day is thus occupied, and Monday is occasionally used, when the crowd is so great that all could not be accommodated. This year the rush was so great that every week there were two representations to satisfy the demand. In 1860 there were some fifty thousand there; in 1870—or rather 1871, for the ordinary year was omitted on account of the terrible struggle between France and Germany—there were about seventy thousand, and the past season far exceeded all others.

The play is presented only once in ten years, with a view to confine it to certain limits, so that the players may not be

tempted to make a profession of it, and thus be inclined to leave their ordinary occupation, which is that of wood-carving. And this very calling is in sympathy with the Passion Play, because they are almost exclusively engaged in carving of saintly figures for the ornamentation of churches and altars. This is doubtless the reason why they are artistically so successful, as the sole study of their lives is to portray in figures the story of the cross and all those who gathered around our Savior and suffered with and for him.

Large preparations were made for the present year in the increase of the size of the stage and improvement in the matter of convenience for spectators, which at the best is but rude. Most of the costumes are new necessarily, as the space of ten years makes an inroad on the best preserved wardrobes. The village contains about two hundred and fifty houses, and on these occasions all the villagers join to accommodate the guests as best they may. It lies in the Bavarian Highlands south of Munich, and is reached by a four hours' ride by rail and three or four by carriage, and part of the latter by a steep and toilsome ascent. It is necessary, as far as possible, to secure accommodations beforehand, both as to lodgings and seats at the play, on account of the great crowd, and in this matter every effort is made to protect visitors from extortion and the wiles of speculators in tickets. The players of Oberammergau have had various opportunities to make their fortunes, as large sums have been offered to them to leave their quiet village and visit the capitals with their peculiar attractions. These they steadily reject, because their object is not to amass money, but rather to live for the one object of the Passion Play.

There are, indeed, critics who imagine that they are so absorbed in this single work that it affects their whole bearing, being, and even physiognomy. Joseph Mayer who represented the person of Christ this year, and has done so for two decades, seems almost to grow into the traditional appearance given to the Savior, so that some consider his face an ideal when adorned for the play.

Jacob Hett has thus become a famous Peter, and George Leahner a Judas. In the latter case his father was a Judas before him, and peculiar yellow beard comes down from father to son to give similitude to the accepted face of the traitor.

Every thing connected with the presentation is of home production, even to the music and the text of the drama, the latter being the work of the venerable shepherd of the flock, who many years ago took the coarse original and transformed it into a more refined and truthful shape. The performance is threefold, opening with a chorus in the old Grecian style, referring to a subsequent tableaux vivant, which is followed by a Biblical scene with a series of events. These tableaux are in many respects beautiful and imposing, but at times the allegorical allusions are far-fetched and obscure. They run through all Bible story, from the sacrifice of Abraham to the journey of Jonah.

On the day of the performance the excitement begins shortly after daybreak with the hurrying to and fro of villagers and guests. At six o'clock a salvo of cannon arouses the community and calls the players to early mass, while a band with brass instruments marches through the streets playing a sort of reveille. In a little while the streets are filled, as even those who have reserved seats are anxious to be on hand in time; for the performance begins at eight o'clock precisely and lasts till five in the afternoon, with the single intermission of one hour at noon for rest and food. The amphitheater has six thousand seats, and no more tickets are sold than can be accommodated. In this way three thousand have been disappointed in having only one day and an extra day was given for their satisfaction. Most of the stage and nearly all of the seating room are without protection from sun and rain, and the seats themselves are quite uncomfortable and primitive, so that they are a weariness to the flesh. Thus when the sun beats down and the rain pours, there is great discomfort, for not even an umbrella can be raised, as it would obstruct the view to those behind. The players on the stage

sometimes take to umbrellas to protect their valuable wardrobes.

The stage itself is in three divisions—an uncovered proscenium about twenty feet deep, running the entire breadth of eighty feet. This is mainly for the numerous choruses. Back of this comes the stage proper, with roof and curtain; and when the latter is raised the eye can look over the rear stage to the hills in the background. Here we see the palaces of Annas the high-priest and of Pilate on either side with projecting balconies, and below their arcades are streets running into Jerusalem in the distance.

The play proper may be said to be in eighteen sections—they can scarcely be called acts, for there are no pauses. Each section is preceded by a *tableau vivant*, introduced and explained by a chorus of from eighteen to twenty. The tableau itself represents some Old Testament scene that has a prophetic or allegorical reference to the following representation of the passion. The chorus occupies the front of the stage and recites or chants the subject of the tableau and the following scene, led by a chorister with solo parts. Then, breaking in the center, it falls back to the sides of the stage, and the curtain rises on the tableau. The "personnel" of the chorus is composed of both sexes, though scarcely distinguishable sometimes on account of the similarity of their long flowing robes. These vary in color and form, while the head is covered with a flashing diadem. The leader of the chorus, a dignified and manly figure with a clear and sonorous voice, begins the prologue: "Cast thee down, O race accursed of God; although his wrath is just, it is not everlasting. I wish not—thus saith the Lord—the death of the sinner. I will forgive, he shall live; the blood of my Son shall for him atone." Then falling back and pointing to the tableau, which in the meanwhile has become visible by the rising of the curtain, they continue: "Follow now beside the Redeemer—till he has finished his thorny path, and in hot and bloody combat has gained the victory for us by his own sacrifice."

The first tableau that now appears, as the chorus recedes and the curtain rises, repre-

sents the sacrifice of Abraham on Mount Moriah. Presently the curtain falls, and after a short pause of reflective silence again rises to display an empty cross surrounded by kneeling figures; in sympathy the chorus also kneels, and sings again as above, when the curtain falls.

This effective and solemn prologue produces a calming influence on the audience, and a deep stillness reigns among the six thousand spectators, all of whom now seem to enter into sympathy with the pathetic story. In the stillness thus produced voices are heard behind the curtain—first in the distance and then nearer and nearer. As the curtain rises figures are seen in the background issuing from the scenes right and left; troops of children, boys and girls, bearing palm branches, appear, crying "Hosanna! Hosanna! to Jesus on high." Men and women follow, joining in the cry, and then comes forth the entire population, old and young, filling the entire stage, shouting and waving the palms and finally disappearing in the side scenes to appear again in the background, and again come forward with increased numbers. The cries of hosanna become still louder and more exciting at the distant approach of him to whom is awarded all this joyous acclamation. Presently he is seen passing over the extreme background of the stage to disappear and again appear. Jesus is entering Jerusalem on a she-ass, which is led by one of his disciples. Surrounded by the shouting crowds, that cast branches and garments before the King of kings, he slowly advances to the front of the stage.

A deep emotion takes possession of the audience. He of whom they have so often read and heard, whom they have seen in so many an illustration, now seems to stand in flesh and blood before them. And truly this sublime figure is not unworthy of being henceforth the central point of all attraction. It is somewhat above the medium size, a noble and dignified form, clothed in a violet garment with red scarf, the pale earnest face inclosed with a black beard, and the waving hair flowing down to his shoulders; it is like a picture stepping from its frame. The Savior alights and turns to the people; his

voice is clear, sonorous, and reaches the most distant parts of the audience-room. In the meanwhile from an opposite direction appear, angrily gazing at the people welcoming the hated Nazarene, the irritated Scribes and Pharisees. During these moments the curtain of the middle stage falls, and presently rises again, displaying the court of the Temple in which the dealers and money-changers are sitting at their tables. With looks of wrath the Savior approaches them exclaiming: "My house is a house of prayer, and ye have made it a den of thieves;" and with a light motion of the hand he upsets their tables. At this there is great tumult, the pieces of money falling on the floor and are hastily gathered up by the changers; the sacrificial doves flutter about, the dealers are angry, and the Pharisees are beside themselves at the boldness of him who ventures such innovations. But he is calm in quiet majesty, while the curtain falls and the first division is finished.

It is natural that the mind should linger on this first appearance of the Savior, as the impression is very strong. There has been so much discussion and thought about the personal appearance of Christ, with which in some form from childhood up we have been familiar and in regard to whom we have all formed conceptions more or less crude or peculiar, that there is a satisfaction in supposing to see before us Jesus as he stood and walked among men. A celebrated dramatic critic who has taken occasion to study the Passion Play in its religious and aesthetic aspect, writes thus in regard to Christ as he there appears: "It produces the most wonderful impression to see the Savior, the most familiar object of our childish imagination, that form that in the most numerous and varied sculpturing and depicting we have seen standing before us, walking among us, talking with us—to hear how he teaches the people, how he meets the caviling of the Scribes and Pharisees. His representative on this occasion is so excellent that we are completely willing to yield to the artistic deception. The position of the arms, the easy and quiet gait, every thing, has the most devotional spirit,

and still is perfectly natural and un-studied."

And thus the representative of Christ seems to lose his own personality and subjectivity, and whether in humble majesty or in kingly suffering, the sorrows of others' guilt seem to shine through all his demeanor. The impression left is that it is not simply art, but so deep and abiding a feeling that the delineator must be borne and elevated by what he undertakes to represent. And leaving for a moment the leading figure, and regarding the entirety of the scene, one is struck by its imposing character as a whole and the marvelously systematic working of the hundreds of co-operators. From the hoary-headed sire down to the merest child, though apparently promiscuously mingled in a popular gathering there is the most exact arrangement, that evidently demands the most careful preliminary practice; and this, it will be remembered is among simple villagers and not with practiced performers.

It were not wise to endeavor to take the reader through all the many divisions of the play, and still less so to linger with all the tableaux and the choruses—let us rather stop briefly at those scenes that are most likely to make a lasting impression on the memory. And the next in order is that of the Sanhedrim. This is given in very brilliant array and with a great variety of costumes, under the presidency of the high-priests Annas and Caiaphas. The scene is one of great activity. Caiaphas points out the danger that threatens the law by the bold conduct of this interloper, who desecrates the temple and lays violent hands on all the nicest portions of their creed, and after whom the masses are running. All agree in declaring that he must be made harmless, and declare it to be better that one man should die than that a whole people should perish. But how shall they commence the work? The masses are attached to him and will protect him, and even the Romans will do him no harm. All counsel fails as to the manner of securing him. In that moment the money-changers and dealers appear on the scene. As they enter they utter violent

threats against Jesus who has mortally offended them, and to whom they swear retaliation. Caiaphas is skillful in catching up this accusation, and they unite with the embittered traders, who are ready for any thing to effect his arrest and turn the people against him.

It will be noticed that this scene is not biblically correct, but it is not anti-biblical, and is very probable, while it is dramatically skillful, natural and very effective. The entire object of the play is to make the Bible story completely logical and natural by filling up the gaps and connecting the scenes, so that to the common mind there are no intervals in the narrative, and nothing that does not explain itself.

Again there is a chorus telling the story of some Old Testament allusion to the Messiah, again a tableau illustrating it, and then appears Christ in Bethany. Invited by Simon he with his disciples enters the stranger's house and approaches the table to take a place. While Martha is serving them they enter into conversation. Then Mary Magdalene steps up to the Lord quietly and unobserved, and anoints his head with precious ointment; then falls at his feet and anoints these also, and dries them with her hair. And now for the first time Judas utters his covetous censure, Why waste this precious ointment, that one might have sold for three hundred pence? Would it not have been better to keep it and give it to the poor? But the Lord reproves him: "Why trouble ye the woman? for she hath wrought a good work upon me. For ye have the poor always with you; but me ye have not all ways." It was a touching and deeply affecting sight—this humble maid and her unselfish quiet sacrifice of the dearest that she hath; and one feels all the force of the truth of the words, when the Lord adds the prophecy, "Verily I say unto you, Wherever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this that this woman hath done be told for a memorial of her."

Another very interesting scene is the parting of Jesus from his mother. This, like that of the traders in the Sanhedrim, is not

Biblical but legendary. Mary, the mother of Christ here appears for the first time in close resemblance to the Biblical representations of her. She is very quiet in voice and gesticulation, but she makes an excellent impression in the course of the narrative through the simplicity of her demeanor and the evident intent not to transcend her powers. The scene was touching because it was so simple, and was presented entirely void of all theatrical pathos. It was the simple cause and the situation that produced so strong an impression. All the sorrow of the maternal heart was here concentrated and penetrated the soul of the spectator with overwhelming effect. But few eyes were dry, and it was only by effort that the inner feelings of many did not pass their usual bounds.

The next representation is that of the party of Christ going with him up towards Jerusalem. We see the Master on his last journey, and hear his mysterious conversation with his disciples about his approaching sorrows—to them still incomprehensible. With the lamenting and reproachful cry: ‘Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou who killst the prophets, and stonest those sent unto thee, how often have I wished to gather thy children as the hen gathereth her chickens, but ye would not.’ Jesus and his disciples leave the scene; Judas alone remaining behind, and uttering a monologue, in which is pictured his inner soul-struggle and the growing inclination to betray his master. He indulges in reflection as to whether he shall stay with his Master or separate from him. “Suppose his strange discourses about sorrows and death should be fulfilled! What shall then become of me!” The purse that he carries is now empty—O that he had the three hundred pence! therefrom he could lay aside a portion in case the worst should happen.

In that moment the money-changers approach him and offer him tempting sums if he will disclose to them the nightly retreat of the Master; and Judas, in the sweet illusion that Jesus will even then escape them, falls into their snares, and promises all they ask, even to come to the Sanhedrim. And

now we come to the Last Supper and the washing of the disciples' feet. This latter office has left so great an impression on the German mind that in some of the Catholic portions of the country, especially Bavaria and Austria, it is a regular yearly act on the part of the royal houses towards the people. The “foot-washing” of Vienna calls out the most brilliant court display of the year in connection with the Church, and the Austrian emperor himself washes the feet of a company of the oldest men and women of his realm, in imitation of the Savior, before a large and choice company of his subjects.

When these sacred presentations are announced there is at first a feeling that here there must be a sort of profanation, or at least a good deal that is unsightly and unseemly, and that a violation of good taste and religious feeling must be unavoidable. And any one who has not seen it will be likely thus to judge; for on any ordinary theatrical stage such a performance would be repulsive. But not so here. The difficulty of the representation is even increased by the twelvefold repetition of the act, which is performed quietly and with dignified slowness. The audience, however, follows it with increased attention from the beginning to the end. And the same danger of violation of sacred feeling attends the action of the Last Supper, for it is even increased by the sacredness of the act and the repeated distribution of the bread and the wine. But the simple and pious peasants succeed in maintaining the same solemn impression, the same deep and touching feeling.

Next in order the chorus sings the sorrows of Gethsemane, and the curtain rises on the scene. The suffering in the garden is so deep and so spiritual that words are not fitted to detail it. The Christian heart can best read it in Bible story. Here some few accessories are introduced that are perhaps out of place, and not according to Scripture record. The third time that the Lord falls on his face an angel appears to console him, and engages in sympathizing conversation. Here it would seem that words were not sufficient, and that simple pantomime

were better adapted to present the deep sympathy to be expressed. This scene closes with the kiss of Judas and the arrest of our Lord. And at this point there is a much needed pause of an hour necessary for actors and spectators. And even during this hour many of the poorer visitors from the surrounding region, whose seats are not reserved to them, remain in their places and enjoy in appropriate quiet their humble lunch; which shows conclusively the predominating feeling among them in regard to the Passion Play to be that it is for religious instruction and contemplation, and not for mere amusement. Indeed, their pious and respectful demeanor throughout the performance is often a useful lesson to those who come perchance for sport.

Indeed, the close and thoughtful study of the characters as they appear on the stage impresses one with the extreme inward feeling that moves them in the performance of their respective *rôles*. Many of the first artists of Germany have made a deep study of Joseph Mayer in the character of Christ under differing circumstances. We have the Christ with benignant countenance, blessing; the Christ with face expressing the deepest scorn, in the act of reproofing; the Christ wearing the crown of thorns, and showing in every feature suffering resignation. Then Mary the mother of Christ is a lovely character as one regards her in her peasant simplicity. Plain, unassuming, quiet, resigned, she seems a true type of the one who, in the stable of Bethlehem, gave birth to the Savior of the world. The character of Judas is the most thankless in the category, and for the sake of him who portrays it with so much life we may hope that his fellow villagers permit him at least to divest himself of his ungracious nature when he steps down into private life. He does not probably carry the civic bag.

Jesus himself henceforth appears as an accused prisoner. His hands are bound behind his back, and he is dragged from one court to another, passing through all stages of inward humiliation and outward violence. But in the midst of all these scenes his representative succeeds in maintaining the

dignity of his position, although in accordance with Scriptural history he mostly remains quiet and suffering, and thus deprives himself of the most effective dramatic aid that would be seized by a more worldly and ambitious man. When Jesus is first taken before the high-priest Annas, standing on the balcony of his palace, with the uneasy and troubled mass below him, one distinctly feels that the great official of the temple is troubled by the suffering silence of the accused man in his presence. And when Jesus, in the Sanhedrim, after a long silence in presence of Caiaphas, which he breaks only at the earnest appeal of the judge to say whether he is the Christ, utters the simple and impressive phrase—"Thou sayest it; I am he"—then, and not until then, does one feel all the mighty weight of these words.

Jesus remains very nearly silent in the presence of Pilate, in whose hands lies the decision of life or death; and before the miserable Herod he is completely mute. The author of the text has taken great pains to work up the character of Pilate with thoroughness and dramatic effect. The haughty Roman at first treats the fanatical Jews with cool irony; he knows the men before him, and openly takes an interest in the young rabbi of whom he has heard so much. He makes every effort to let him go free, and when the fanatical crowd threatens to accuse him of being disloyal to the Roman emperor in sustaining one who proclaims himself a king, then he still tries to excite the sympathy of the people, and orders a comparatively mild punishment. And thus scene after scene in the life of Jesus is unrolled before the spectators down to the crowning with sharp thorns, all of which leave an indelible impression on the memory of the beholder.

Pilate finally appeals to the people as a last tribunal; in weakness he declines to give the decision, and casts the responsibility on others. He is here the true type of the many men whose weak will bends in presence of the stern realities of the world. At this moment the fanaticism of the people reaches its height. An endless crowd still larger than that at the entry into Jerusalem

fills every portion of the stage, and covers it from sight. Their cry and uproar become wilder and more threatening, and when Pilate now bids them choose between Jesus and Barabbas, they cast the fearful die in saying, "Let his blood be upon us and our children." Pilate, on his balcony, washes his hands in innocence, declares the death sentence, and the curtain falls on the terrible and significant scene. The text bestows special care also on the character of Judas, which is developed with much artistic skill in the intent to emphasize the great proverb of Christianity, that the love of money is the root of all evil. From small beginnings, with his grumbling at the extravagance in the case of the costly ointment, he soon becomes a traitor to his Lord. And when the fearful consequence of his guilt is unveiled to his mind, he gives up all hope of forgiveness; despair seizes him, and impels him to suicide. All these moments—the repentance, the effort to free himself from this indelible crime, the scornful reply of the Sanhedrim—are produced with great effect. "Look thou to that!" is the last fearful blow, and with a few terrible words he seizes the rope, makes the noose, rushes to the tree, and the curtain veils in falling the repulsive though instructive finale. The character of Judas gives the best opportunity for dramatic effect in the entire play, and this is not neglected. The actor at times rises to Shakespearean manner, but is careful not to make the contrast between himself and his pious competitors too great, and thus reaches a high degree of effect, which at times thrills the audience.

We now approach the final act of the crucifixion, which is preceded by the bearing of the cross in presence of a great throng of people. This procession is led by the Roman soldiers, then the three condemned men—Jesus and the two thieves—each bearing his cross; now come the high-priest and the Scribes, with satisfaction beaming on their countenances, the masses of Jerusalem, among them the weeping daughters of the great city, to whom the Lord exclaims: "Weep for yourselves and your children;" and then to the left the sacred women of

Bible story. As they reach Calvary the scene closes and the curtain again falls. The usual chorus then appears, but now the many-hued garbs are laid aside, and all the choristers are in deep black. The leader begins by appealing to all pious souls

"To rise, and go to Golgotha,
And see with pain and gratitude
What here occurs for their salvation."

And he thus closes:

"Whose heart shall not tremble
When he hears the hammer's blow,
Which pierces, alas! with cruel nails
His hands, his feet, his soul?"

Behind the scene are then heard the blows of the hammer, and soon the curtain rises. The two crosses with the thieves are already raised. The central cross with Jesus bound and nailed thereon is still lying on the ground, and is slowly raised and wedged in the cavity of the earth. The dramatic critic, above quoted, thus speaks of it: "What a scene! We are no longer in Ober-nunner-gau; we are in Jerusalem, on Golgotha! What an impression is made by this living crucifixion! The form, the outstretched arms, and the sunken head produce the most touching feeling, which is greatly strengthened by the reflection that all this takes us back eighteen hundred years to the actual cross on which the Savior died. Mary is there, supported by the women, while the loving John and the Magdalene are kneeling. With what weight does every word uttered from the cross penetrate the soul! What a sacred consecration of the deepest feeling!"

The crucifixion lasts twenty minutes, for they enter into all the minutiae attending it in Scripture history. It is difficult to comprehend how the performer, even with all hidden help, can sustain himself so long in the one position, and the details of suffering are so well known that we may leave them to the memory of the reader. When the Savior is dead the Jews begin their unseemly wrangle about the superscription, and finally send a messenger to Pilate, who returns with the famous answer, "What I have written, I have written."

And now Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea approach—they have begged the

corpse of Pilate, and will take it down from the cross. The scene is a beautiful and ennobling one. Ladders are placed against the cross, and Nicodemus ascends in front and Joseph from behind. The wounded limbs are loosed with such loving tenderness and touching piety that the spectators seem to take part in the performance, and feel relieved when it is successfully and gently accomplished.

And here we might well stop, and shall do so with mere reference to the resurrection and the ascension of our Lord. The former is actually represented in contrast to Biblical history, which is clearly in bad taste. The ascension is a scene and not an act—it is the

last grand tableau, and the best. Surrounded by a crowd of Bible characters, among whom we perceive the disciples, the holy women, and Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, is seen the Savior, standing a little elevated, with a banner of victory in his hand. When this scene has lasted a moment the figure of Jesus rises slowly, and the curtain sinks. The Passion Play is over, and the crowd moves quietly away without a sound, evidently under a deep religious influence. This has been no play; it has been a sweet and touching lesson in the life of Christ, reverently presented, and many who came to scoff have left with better and praying hearts.

ROGER COYTE'S CHRISTMAS.

"**I**F I could only sell it, or divide it, or forsake it, or, better than either," and the voice took a deeper tone, "if I could only make up my mind to endure it!"

A few strong, swift strokes, and the boat rounded the little point and shot into a tiny cove. Almost before it touched the shore the oars were dropped, and the speaker sprang upon the sands. He moored the little craft, and without pausing an instant to gaze at the sunset glory in the western clouds or the playful tossing of the white-capped waves, strode sturdily up the path between the rocks. He was young and strong and brave, and yet his head was bent, as if he did not like the caresses of the wind. His dress was that of a fisherman, and his step that of a soldier, and his smile that of a woman.

You would not have needed me to tell you the latter if you had seen the sudden lifting of his head and the light that came to his face as he neared the house at the top of the hill, and saw his mother watching for him at the window. "Dear old mother," he mutters, "she must not know that I do not altogether like it. She has had enough to bear;" and so he went and greeted her, not with a kiss, for kissing had not been "their way," but with a cheerful, playful word and a call for

supper, which he knew was waiting by the fire.

The old house-mother and the old house seemed to belong to each other, and both to belong to that part of the coast of Maine that gives to nature, human or other, strong and individual lines. They both had rugged features softened by time; both were gray and storm-beaten and used to the winds; and both looked like a refuge for any who needed shelter from storms. Mother Coyte, the wives of the fishermen in the village beyond the point called her, and they might have called her son "Father Coyte," if service and not years made any claim to trust. The Coytes owned "the Point" with its high promontory of rocky coast, its sheltered inlets and soft sandy beach, its miniature bay and its wonderful rocks, water-worn and matted with seaweed. And behind all these they owned the strip of forest and the farm that stretched its acres inland. These seemed great possessions to the villagers, who had only their cabins on the shore, their many children, and their hard hands wherewith to earn their bread. Some of these were sailors and some were laborers who had worked on the farm for Roger's father, and Roger himself had been in his childhood a playmate of their children and a pet in their humble

homes. As he grew older he knew how to serve them many a good turn, old and young, in sickness and in trouble, until they missed him in absence and were heartily glad when he came home. And now he had come home to stay, and he had been "around the point" among the old places and the old friends, and notwithstanding their welcome had said to himself as he came in sight of his home, "If I could only forsake it, or, better still, if I could only endure it as I ought."

And he must learn to endure it, that he well knew; and he meant to learn it, too, at whatever cost, for he had courage and manliness, and some sense of duty as well. The old farm was dear enough to him. He had never shirked his share of work upon it, though it had been mostly boy's work, for he was the Benjamin of the flock, the child of his parents' old age. Peter, his older brother, was old enough to have been his father, and when he married and brought his wife, who also brought her old maid sister, to live in the homestead, Roger had pleaded to go away to school. This seemed hard for old Peter Coyte, for though the coast farm was large, it was rocky and hard to till, and there was little "ready money" to spend. He might easily have turned a few acres into cash, and several times had been offered generous sums for a patch of the coast large enough for Summer cottages. But, much as he loved money, he loved his own way more, and he "was n't going to have city boarders tramping through his lots." As he had received them from his father, so he would transmit them to his sons. It had been a good place for him to live, and would undoubtedly be the best place for them. As for school, Roger might go, if he cared so much about it, and if his mother wanted it, but he did not see any special need. He had been one of the foremost men in the township, and had got along without books, and he did not understand why Roger could not, since he was certain to spend his life at the farms.

To make sure of this he inserted in his will a clause forbidding the division or sale of the land during the mother's life-time,

and making it incumbent upon one son to occupy the old home. This worked not badly for Roger when Peter, Junior, brought home his wife, and after his father's death continued to remain upon the place; but when Peter, Junior, died, and left the three women alone, the young man learned, and, without much outward grumbling, accepted, his altered fate. Farewell now to his hopes of active existence in the great world of men. Before him stretched years of life with these old women, only one of whom he loved. Still his conscience pricked a little when he saw how the farm had run down during his brother's years of feebleness, and how his mother's face had aged and wrinkled under her many cares; and if not heroic, he yet had the grace to hide his disappointment and to go to work with a will. To this grace time added patience, and often, as the years ran on, and he saw the calm content in his mother's face, he felt repaid for all. There was no money except that which the farm could be made to yield, and it was well, perhaps, that there was little time for dreaming and regret.

One afternoon, as he was about leaving the field, he saw coming toward him a little boy whom he employed about the place.

"O Mr. Coyte," he began, half-crying and out of breath, "she thinks she's drown-ed. She wants you—to come quick."

"Who's drowned? who wants me?" said Roger, taking the frightened lad by the arm and starting toward home.

"O, do n't hold so tight," squealed the lad, squirming under Roger's strong hand.

"Speak, then. Who's drowned? who sent you, Nathan? Is my mother drowned?"

"No, no; oh, do n't grip so!"

"Not my mother? Whose mother then?"

"I dunno," said the boy, his teeth chattering in the hopeless confusion of fright. "I dunno—Summer boarders out in the bay—boarders tipped over boats—drown'd and dead. And she's already, she says—"

"Who's all ready? all ready for what?"

"Your mother."

"Ready for what? To be drown'd?"

"No, no; ready to take her in. Bed's all ready."

"To take her in? What are you trying to tell?"

The boy gasped, took courage, and began again:

"Your mother—she—"

"Well, go on."

"She said—"

"Said what?"

"She was all ready."

"Ready for what?"

"For you to go and get her, and bring her right along."

"Good heavens! Get whom, my mother?"

"No."

"The drowned ones?"

"No; the one that was n't."

"What one? where?"

"The woman down in the village."

All this time they had been hurrying on; he had it at last. There had been an accident to some party from one of the neighboring hotels. His mother wanted him to go for the survivors, and to bring them to her house, as the only comfortable refuge near.

He sent the bewildered child back to her, and lost no time in gaining the village, where the sad group about the shore confirmed his worst fears. A tiny sail-boat had capsized, and but for the happy chance that two fishing-boats were near both occupants, a lady and a lad of sixteen years, would have lost their lives. Exhausted with the effort at keeping his sister above water, when the young man saw that help was near, even after the hands were outstretched to save them, his strength had failed and he had sunk. Swiftly they drew the young girl into the boat and rowed her to the beach, and leaving her in the hands of the excited women, turned back to rejoin the other boat, which was waiting above the spot where the hapless boy went down. Roger stopped for one glance only into the pale, beautiful face. He caught the beseeching look of the eyes and the half articulate murmur, "Harry, Harry! save my brother Harry!" and without a word he threw his coat upon the sand and sprang into the sea. The boat had made but a few lengths. It waited for him, and pulled rapidly back to the fatal spot.

"Has he risen?" he shouted to the men.

"Once; but we could n't reach him, and he's gone again. No, no; there he is," and for a moment a white face gleamed above the water and was gone.

Quick as thought Roger sprang from the boat and disappeared beneath the wave. They held their breath. Was he lost too? But they watched for a moment only ere the strong swimmer came to the surface, clasping in one arm the seemingly lifeless boy.

At sight of him the sister swooned, and placing the lad in the care of the men, who knew all that they should do to restore him, Roger lifted her gently in his arms, and motioning two of the men to follow, they bore her to the nearest boat. Silently the men took the oars and rowed swiftly around the point to his own landing near the house. His mother saw him coming, and gently they bore her to the house, and placed her in the quiet room made ready by her thoughtful care. As her head touched the pillow again she opened her eyes, with an eager questioning upon her face:

"Harry," she whispered, "where is Harry? can you not save my brother?" And the white lips quivered sadly.

"I hope so; I think so; I am going to him now," he whispered; and leaving her with his mother, he hastened again to the boat.

Save him! He must be saved; he could never face the anguished questioning of those eyes. He must have an answer of comfort ready when she asked again; and as he hastened down the rocky path and sprang into his boat, he felt strong enough to wrest from the sea even its dead, if that would bring this pale girl back to life.

It was not too late. Vigorously on the shore the rough hands rubbed and rolled the lad. A roaring fire and warm blankets awaited him in the nearest cabin, and finished the work so well begun.

Roger did not wait to have him speak. "Tell him his sister is safe," he said, and away he went, urging his boat through the water, bearing his words of life. As he strode up the path he was suddenly conscious of new gladness that the dear old

home was there. That fair girl was there under that old gray roof; he could see the light in the window of the room; he could see the shadow of his mother's softly moving figure on the curtains, and he wondered how he could ever have thought that the place seemed drear.

And what a Summer it was after that! Harry Walden was brought over that same night and placed in Roger's own room, from which in a few days he emerged as well as ever, profoundly thankful for his narrow escape and quite willing to be instructed by Roger in the management of sails, and full of anxiety for his sister Agnes, who found it more difficult to recover from the shock she had received. Upon the excitement and prostration followed a period of slow fever, during which Mother Coyte nursed her in a way that quite won the love of the affectionate, motherless girl. When able to be moved, and her father came down again to take her home, she did not care to go, and when Harry went back to West Point, the physician said she must not return to the city, and was not strong enough to bear the excitement of the gay resorts along the shore. It was easy to persuade her father to let her remain among her new-found friends in the quiet cottage.

While the question of her departure had been discussed Roger had kept discreetly out of the way, and when it was decided the world seemed too small to hold the joy with which his life was filled. Suddenly and swiftly had come to him the old and yet ever new revelation of the blessedness of loving some one with all the heart's best love, and, as is ever the case, it transfigured the world to his vision. Any place with Agnes Walden in it was fair; without her any paradise would be emptied of its joy.

Still the daily cares and labors went on, but a new spirit was behind and in it all. He could see no chance of his going out into the world to make a place fair enough for her, and he could not think it just, even if it were possible, to win her to share a home like this with him. Yet he sweetened his daily toil with dreams of how he could make the old place beautiful. In dreams he

rebuilt the old house from roof to cellar and furnished it for her, and from such dreams he woke with a happiness that was almost pain, to the cold reality of his actual poverty in the midst of his many rocky acres of land. And the Summer sped on, and he kept his secret and hoarded his joys and watching always for some sign in Agnes that she dreaded the parting that was near at hand. But she was blithe as a bird, when she had recovered her health, and went singing about the house, playfully insisting upon sharing the lighter tasks in gentle daughterly ways that had no end of charm for the lonely, reserved old mother. Under her tactacity Mrs. Coyte's desire to have things "just so" was modified, and she draped the windows and covered the chairs with bright-colored chintz, and put her dainty touch, sooner or later, upon every room in the quaint old house. This was not altogether agreeable to the widow of the lost son Peter, a large-boned, hard-working daughter of the coast, who confided to her maiden sister the secret conviction that her "mother was being imposed upon right under her nose by this city girl's ridiculous ways." But as Mrs. Peter, Junior, kept her opinions to her own side of the house, the family harmony was only occasionally disturbed. And Agnes, when she had brightened up the old lady's heart for all day with her "ridiculous ways," would wander away to the rocks or the woods with her book, and while the hours away till Roger came from his work. Or, when she wearied of the solitude she would go down to the village on the coast and into the homes of the aged and sick or poor, where she was sure to find somebody to talk to her of Roger's kindness to them all.

And then there were delicious evenings on the bay, when she wondered at herself for feeling so safe after her terrible fright. Drifting dreamily under the stars, it was not easy for Roger always to be silent as to what lay nearest his heart. And once he ventured so far as to ask her if she had "ever thought what it must be to spend all one's life in such a desolate place;" and she had given just the least little shiver, and an-

swered, "Dreadful!" After that it was easier to be still.

"What are you going to do at Christmas?" she asked one day, when the leaves were growing bright in the clear October air.

"We always do the same thing," said Mother Coyte cheerfully; "we give the day to the coast people—to those especially among the women and children who never have another really merry day in the year."

"And are there many such?" asked Agnes, her large eyes bright with sympathy.

"A good many," answered Mother Coyte. "T is a hard climate in the Winter, and poverty presses rather sorely sometimes; but at Christmas, Roger has the young people all up here, and makes it bright for them in every possible way. And they anticipate it the whole year round."

"How lovely that is!" said Agnes; "but just this once can you not put their festival a little later, and come to us for the holidays? Papa wants you very much, and so do I; and he has written me to urge it. Do say you will come!" she said, coaxingly, as she stroked Mrs. Coyte's gray hair.

"No, no, dear child, not I. Roger may go possibly, but I have n't been to Boston for many, many years, not since his father died," and she looked hesitatingly at her son.

How he wanted to say "yes" to the gentle pleading in his mother's eyes. For a moment he wished he had not taught the whole community to look to him for its holiday, but the thought of the children's faces rebuked him, and he answered:

"I can wait for my pleasure better than the children can, I think, mother, though I must confess I do n't like to wait any better than they."

"And mother dislikes to have you wait even as other mothers do," said Mrs. Coyte, and her look and tone showed even more regret than her words.

And so the days flew by all too fast for Roger. And Mr. Walden came at last to take his daughter home.

Again and again on Roger's lips trembled the words he dared not speak. Yet, if she

loved him, as sometimes he was sure she did, she would be willing to share his lot, whatever it might be: women loved so in his mother's time, were they less noble in their love to-day? Was it right to let her go without one word of what his life had been telling her so long?

"I have every thing to thank you both for," said Mr. Walden, as he took Mrs. Coyte's hand at parting. "You saved my boy, and I have not seen Agnes looking so well and so happy since her mother died. I shall always feel as if I owed both my children to you."

"We shall miss Agnes sadly," she replied; "indeed, she has been like a daughter in the house—and—and,"—the widow thought of her son and the words refused to come.

The gentleman smiled quietly to himself. He was not so blind as she supposed.

"Well, well, dear madam, of course you miss her, and I would n't wonder if she should be home-sick in Boston. If she is, you shall have her back agin by and by."

"Do you think so? Do you indeed? If I could only give Roger that comfort!"

"So, so," laughed the father, "that's the way, is it? So it's for Roger's sake that you want her to come back?"

The old lady colored and looked nervous. She had not meant to betray the secret of her son; but she rallied and answered stoutly, "Indeed, sir, it's no fault of his if he loves her. Nobody could help it, who saw her about day after day as we have done."

A step at the door and Roger entered. "The carriage is all ready," he said, "and I suppose you must hasten if you would get the evening train. I will ride over to the station and see you off."

And then Agnes came from her room, and the dear old lady, who rarely kissed her own boy, because it had "never been her way," held her in her arms, and kissed her soft cheeks again and again; and when finally she let her go, Roger tucked the robes about her with trembling hands and eyes that could not meet her own.

Mr. Walden came out on the porch and put his portmanteau under the seat. "Per-

haps you would n't mind driving Agnes over yourself, Mr. Coyte," he said to Roger, "and I'll ride over on your horse. I've a fancy for a cigar and a trot along shore, and Agnes doesn't always like my cigar." And without waiting for an answer he mounted and was off, but Mrs. Coyte saw the wrinkle in the corner of his eye as he gave her his parting smile.

And they rode on in silence "round the point." At the spot where he had seen her first, lying white and still upon the sands, involuntarily he tightened the reins and the horses stopped. Before them lay the sea, blue and bright as on the day that was in both their hearts.

"I shall always love the sea," she said softly. "I can never forget how merciful it was to me that day."

"And to me also," he said, as if he spoke to himself.

She looked up quickly into his face. It was pale, and his voice revealed the struggle with his rebel heart. "How merciful to you?" she asked, half-frightened at his look.

"How can you ask?" he cried passionately. "Did it not give you to me? give you to me for all this Summer through? And if all the rest of my life is Winter, if I miss you out of every day and every hour, I can never cease to love the sea for this, the only Summer that my life has known. I never lived till I knew you, Agnes," and then he dropped his head and did not speak again. He had not meant to tell her. The sea had broken the silence of his heart, and he wished, O how he wished he had been still!

For Agnes did not answer. She only sat in silence and wondered why, if he so cared for her, that he let her go away? Why he did not ask her to share his life and home.

"You will decide to come to us at Christmas, I hope," she said, as he gave her to her father at the station.

He thought of the fishermen's children, and said, "If not then, soon after, I hope." And that was all after such a passionate outbreak on the beach.

Mr. Walden had not found it possible to speak of remuneration to the Coytes for the shelter their home had given; but as the holiday season drew near he began to talk playfully to his daughter of a Christmas gift to show their gratitude and love.

"What shall it be, Agnes? I owe them the lives of both my children, and you shall choose for them any gift that you think will please them best, even to 'the half of my kingdom'."

Agnes laughed. "I don't believe they will come down; but I want to send up a great many gifts for dear Mother Coyte to bestow upon the people of the village. I want to help her to make it a wonderful Christmas for them."

"Well, even to half of my kingdom."

"What nonsense, papa! What is your kingdom. I'd like to know."

"Well, it consists in a very troublesome daughter and a good-for-nothing son," he said, giving Harry's ear a roguish tweak.

"Well, which half will you give to Mother Coyte?" asked Harry, entering into his father's spirit of fun.

"That depends upon whether they come down for their gifts. If they do not refuse my invitation, perhaps I'll give Mr. Roger 'the better half,' but his daughter's hand was on his lips and her blushing face hidden in his shoulder.

"Never mind, sister. Dear, old Roger! he deserves the best, I'm sure," said Harry soothingly, "and I'm going to write him the conditions. Small chance the village children will have of a festival this year. So you had better send on a cargo of flannels and things wherewith Mother Coyte can comfort them for the loss of their Roger."

"Hush, Harry! He would not disappoint his people, as he calls them, for all the merry Christmas we could offer."

"We will see," said Mr. Walden. "You may tell him in your letter, Harry, that my business requires me to go to London immediately, and that I mean to take a little run into Italy, and that I have been forced to take passage in the *Bothnia*, which sails on the 26th, so they must not fail to come to spend the Christmas-day with us."

"And is Agnes to go with you, papa?"
"Of course, of course! Why should I leave my only girl behind?"

But Agnes had fled away to her room to hide the tears of regret and surprise. To go to Italy with papa! What could be better? but to go without seeing Roger! How was she to bear it and never let her teasing father see the hurt? But he would come. He would surely come if he loved her, and Harry was writing him now.

So she filled the last day with busy preparations, not forgetting the Christmas gifts for Mother Coyte's poor children, and for the old and sick. And almost before she expected it the answer to their pressing invitation came. It was from the dear old mother herself. Harry's letter had been delayed and had not reached them till the 23d of December. "The festival was all prepared, the old house bright with evergreens and scarlet berries, and the people were all to come, but without Roger it would be all as nothing to them, his life-long friends. It was a sore trial to them both, but Roger could not be away that night."

And Roger had told her to write thus; but at midnight of the same day the sound of horses' hoofs might be heard on the ten-mile road to S—, and a solitary man waited at the station there for the train that passed at four o'clock in the morning. He would go, he would reach the city in time to spend the morning hours with her, and return to his post in the afternoon.

Arrived in Boston, he sought the Walden mansion, to find it already closed. The old servant told him that up to a late hour they had expected friends to be with them, but finding they were not able to come, they decided to hasten their departure, and had left the house only an hour ago. Gone to pass the Christmas in the country with some friends, and to return only in time to take the steamer of the 26th.

Back again over all the weary miles in the train. The country was bleak and desolate. The snow lay cold on the hills. The sea was black in the morning light as he neared the station where his horse was wait-

ing; and as his hoofs beat on the frozen ground, it seemed as if they fell upon his heart. He felt beaten down and sore. He had done what he thought right, and this was his reward. How could he bear the joy of these rollicking children, nay, make mirth and laughter for them, when he felt so cold and dead? Yet he would try; for, poor things, who knew but they were born to heart-aches like to his? and their hurts would come soon enough. He would do his best, and he certainly ought to be able to rejoice with any that were glad, though how any one could be so was a mystery to this mood.

Utterly tired out and dejected, he threw the rein to Nathan, who had been watching at the stable-door, and turned to enter the house. Lights were gleaming every-where, and already shouts of laughter and merry voices reached his ear, and the shadow of evergreen stars shone on the curtains. For a moment he stopped on the wide piazza and lifted his eyes to the still heavens, where the stars were shining as on the night when the Christ-child came, and he bowed his head to hear the waves tossing and moaning like those to which He said, "Be still."

And the night's solemn beauty sank into his heart, and he felt somehow that the Man of Sorrows was nearer than before, and that now he shared with all the souls that suffer the world's great Christmas gift. And then he turned to go in, but a light step sounded near, and a soft hand was laid upon his arm.

"Agnes!" Agnes!" said he, in a passionate whisper.

"Yes, Roger, I am here. Papa brought me to your mother—to be her Christmas gift."

"And mine? and mine?" he said, opening his arms.

"And yours too, if you want me, Roger."

Peter's wife "did n't see much sense" in changes, but notwithstanding her objections, in course of time a cottage rose on the cliffs above the sea. Back a half-mile a great hotel stands on lensed land, which the owner has no right to sell, and throngs of strangers flock every Summer to the shores. And

Summer boarders do "tramp through old Peter's lots," and one of them, sitting at a fisherman's cottage-door, heard the story of Roger Coyte's Christmas gift.

He heard, too, how the tide of joy that began to flow that Christmas night had

known no ebb, but every year had overflowed into the lives of the needy, near and far, until the Christmas-tide was made a joyful time for numberless little ones, and suffering and helpless ones, for whom the Christ-child came.

MICHAEL CRESAP AND THE BORDER WARS.

MICHAEL CRESAP was the youngest son of Colonel Thomas Cresap, and was born in Frederick, now Allegheny County, Maryland, June 29, 1742. This was then a frontier county, and the hardy and intrepid life which the pioneers led developed the young lad into a robust, active, and enterprising youth. When a mere boy, his father sent him to Baltimore County to school. Being attached to out-door life, and not relishing the confinement of study, he ran off, and returned on foot to his home, a distance of one hundred and forty miles. His father did not receive him with complacence, but gave him a severe flogging, and sent him back. The punishment he received was a wholesome lesson; for he applied himself to his studies, and remained at school until he had completed his course.

Soon after leaving the academy, he married a Miss Whitehead, of Philadelphia—neither of them scarcely more than a child in age or experience—and settled in a small village near his father's. Here he began life as a merchant, and imported goods from London. He dealt largely, but well-nigh ruined himself by the system of credit and his misplaced confidence in his customers. By some means a report reached London that he was preparing to remove to some unknown part of the country where he would be out of reach of the law; and the dealer who had heretofore honored his commissions refused to fill any further orders from him. Mr. Cresap found out the originator of this report, and avenged himself by a personal conflict; but this did not add to his riches, and his business operations were largely curtailed.

About this time the tide of emigration

began to flow westward. The rich bottom lands of the upper Ohio mainly attracted the emigrants from Maryland and Virginia, and Captain Cresap determined to go thither himself. Early in the Spring of 1774, he engaged six or seven active young men at a stipulated wage to accompany him to the wilderness of the Ohio, and there he undertook the business of building houses and clearing lands. He erected what is believed to be the first cabin in the western country of hewed logs with a shingle-roof *nailed* on. Thirty years later a voyager descending the Ohio mentions it as an evidence of rapid improvement and growth that he saw four shingled cabins between the Kanawha and the Scioto!

The disturbed condition of the country was the chief drawback in effecting settlements in the West. The boundary lines between Pennsylvania and Virginia west of the mountains were not well defined, and both colonies claimed jurisdiction of the territory about Fort Pitt. Only fourteen years previously this point had been captured by his majesty's forces from the French, and was now under the command of Dr. John Connolly, the Earl of Dunmore's vice-governor of Western Virginia. This was the principal post of the Indian traders, who seem to have used their influence with the Indians to secure their attachment to their respective colonies and alienate them each from the other. A third cause of disturbance was the revolutionary spirit, which was already separating the colonists into two classes, rebel and tory. The "Boston Tea-party" had inaugurated a resistance, if not a rebellion, against British control in New England, and the governors of Virginia and

South Carolina were unable to withstand effectually the growing sentiment of independence in those provinces. A civil conflict seemed probable at any moment. In many localities companies of troops were gathered to resist the encroachments of royalty. Congress issued proclamations and passed resolutions looking to an adjustment of their difficulties, and petitioning Parliament for redress; but it became evident that sooner or later the quarrel must be submitted to the arbitrament of the sword. It was accordingly the desire of the Earl of Dunmore to secure the services of the Indians on the side of the king, and there can be little doubt that even now he was plotting with them. Whether his plans miscarried, or what is called "Dunmore's Indian War" was a part of his deep-laid scheme, it is certain that the result was disastrous to the early settlements along the Ohio River, and not inimical to the king.

The Western tribes had never been thoroughly placated, and the peace between them and the white settlers was at no period of long continuance. Whichever party was the aggressor, the fact remains that there was an interminable conflict. Every Indian regarded the white settler as his foe; the white settler looked upon the Indian as the murderer of his neighbor, his family or his friends; and this was especially the case along the frontiers, where the two came into more frequent contact. The mode of attack on the part of the savages, who spared neither sex nor age, rendered reprisals upon the side of their enemies less blameworthy; though to the disgrace of the colonists, barbarity was often repaid with like barbarity. Indian war was a series of raids, in which the white victim was shot down, or tomahawked and scalped at sight, or else carried off a prisoner to be either adopted into the tribe of the captor or tortured to death with a prolonged agony. And in this torture fiendish women took part with fiendish men!

Colonel Bouquet's expedition against the Indians in 1764 was so far successful that he compelled them to come to terms of agreement with the whites. For ten years this peace was sullenly observed; or if broken,

was by no general uprising, but by a series of marauding excursions by small parties of Indian adventurers, who rushed down upon the unsuspecting emigrants, slaughtered or captured them, drove away their horses and cattle, and burned their improvements. It is believed that the number of lives sacrificed during these ten years exceeded all those slain during the entire outbreak of 1774, including the battle of Point Pleasant.

To the cause of this outbreak is well to advert. It has often been asserted that it was due to the slaughter of Logan's family, or kin, at the mouth of Yellow Creek—a massacre with which the name of Captain Cresap has long been associated. We think the cause can be traced further back. On the day following Colonel Bouquet's treaty, an Indian killed the colonel's servant, but this wanton murder was disregarded at the time. During the ensuing Summer the savages slaughtered a white man upon the Virginia frontiers, and several others on New River. A number of men employed in putting up beef for Fort Chartres were slain, and their accoutrements carried off to Indian villages. Some time after a Virginia trader, with two companions, was killed by the Shawnees on the Hockhocking—only, it was alleged by Lord Dunmore, because they were Virginians, while at the same time they allowed one Ellis to pass, simply because he was a Pennsylvanian. In 1771 twenty Virginians and their party of friendly Indians were robbed by savages of thirty-eight horses, with weapons, clothes, and trappings, which they delivered to certain traders in their towns. The same year, within the jurisdiction of Virginia, the Indians killed two remote settlers, and in the following year Adam Stroud, with his wife and seven children, fell beneath their tomahawks and scalping-knives on the waters of Elk River; Richards fell on the Kanawha, and a few months afterwards Russell, another Virginian, with five whites and two negroes, perished near the Cumberland Gap, while their horses and property were borne off by the Indians to their towns, where they fell a prey to the Pennsylvanian traders. A Dutch family was massacred on the Kanawha in June, 1778;

and the family of Mr. Hogg and three white men were killed near the same locality early in April, 1774. Some Cherokees who visited Schoenbrunn, a Moravian missionary settlement on the Tuscarawas River, in the Spring of 1774, murdered two white men on their return. Another white traveler was killed with a tomahawk by the Senekas. Other slaughters also took place, which so incensed the white people in Virginia that they flew to arms, and killed in return (so it was reported) nine Senekas and wounded two, without having permission from government to commence hostilities. The alarm soon became general, and a great part of the Shawnees engaged in the war, going out in small parties to murder the white people. The Senekas and Virginians also entered into the strife; but along the Ohio River, where the emigrants were forming their settlements, there were as yet few disturbances.

Captain Cresap and his party were still at work clearing the land, erecting cabins, and laying out claims for himself and his friends, when their work was brought to a sudden stand-still. A circular letter was sent in April, 1774, by express messengers, to the inhabitants of the valleys from Dr. Connolly, warning them to be on their guard, for the reason that the Indians were very angry, and manifested so much hostility to their movements that he was apprehensive they would strike somewhere as soon as the season should permit, and enjoining upon them to prepare for the worst, and to retire to the forts. Captain Cresap received this letter about the 22d of April, accompanied by a confirmatory message from Colonel Croghan and Major M'Gee, Indian agents and interpreters, and he immediately broke up his camp and ascended the river to Fort Wheeling, the nearest place of safety.

While these transactions were taking place near the waters of the Kanawha, George Rogers Clark, afterwards so celebrated in Western history, was organizing a company to lay out lands and effect a settlement in Kentucky. His men, to the number of eighty or ninety, met at the mouth of the Little Kanawha River, in order to descend the Ohio in a body. While there, reports were brought

to them that the Indians had done some mischief, and that they had fired upon a party of hunters about ten miles below them, but the hunters had beat them back and returned to their camp. This and the circumstances detailed above led them to believe that the Indians were bent on war. But as they were ready to establish their post and had every necessary store, they were determined to proceed. An Indian town on the Scioto near its mouth lay nearly in their way, and they resolved to cross the country and surprise it. But who was to command? was the question. Few among them knew any thing of Indian warfare, and none of those who knew was competent. Captain Cresap was known to be not far away, and as he had been experienced in a former war east of the mountains, he was proposed as their leader, and a messenger sent for him. Upon his arrival the matter was presented to him, but he immedately dissuaded them from it. He said that appearances were suspicious, but there was no certainty of a war; that he had no doubt of their success if undertaken, but that a war would at any rate be the result, and they would be blamed for it. He advised them to return to Wheeling to hear what was going forward; that a few weeks would determine; that it was still early in the Spring; and that if they found the Indians were not disposed for war, they would still have full time to return and make their settlement in Kentucky. His counsel was followed, and in two hours the whole company were *en route* for Wheeling.

From this place Captain Cresap intended to return home, but while he was at the fort a report was brought in that two Indians were coming down the river in canoes. Only a few days prior to this time William Butler, an Indian trader, taking no heed of Connolly's warning, had sent off a loaded canoe with goods for the Shawnee towns, and on the 16th of April it was attacked forty miles below Pittsburg by three Cherokees, who waylaid it on the river. They killed one white man, wounded another, and a third made his escape, while the savages plundered the canoe of its more valuable cargo. Captain Cresap, deliberating whether

war was actually begun, went up the river with his party to reconnoiter. They discovered a canoe of Indians keeping under shelter of an island to screen themselves from observation. Deeming them to be on a hostile excursion, two of Cresap's men, we have reason to believe without his sanction, leveled their rifles and shot the Indians dead. Upon examining their canoe, it was found to contain a quantity of ammunition and other warlike stores, thus confirming their conjecture.

On the 27th of April, the day subsequent to the affair just mentioned, Major Macdonald, on his return from the Kanawha River to Pittsburg, stopped at the house of Captain Cresap, and gave an account of a skirmish that had happened between some Virginians and Indians, in which several were killed on both sides. While he was there, another informant, Mr. Mahon, brought the intelligence that fourteen Indians, with five canoes, had called at his cabin when they were going down the river, and asked for provisions, which he refused, telling them at the same time of the killing of the two Indians, which they professed not to have heard. Upon this news, Captain Cresap collected fifteen men, followed to observe their movements, and overtook them near the mouth of Captain Creek, where they had drawn up their canoes and were waiting in expectation of being attacked, as a consequence of what they had heard. A battle immediately ensued, and the Indians retired after the loss of one man on each side.

It may here be asked, whence came these Indians? what was their object? whether were they bound? A greater number of them than usual were descending the river together, unless they composed the van of the war parties then forming; and it is only fair to presume that their intentions were hostile. Whence they came can not be ascertained; but if their designs were pacific why should they take a circuitous route west of Wheeling Island, instead of pursuing the main channel? If they regarded the white settlers as their friends, why should they carefully avoid them? and if their fears had been excited by the statement made by

Mahon, would they not have either continued down the river, or else have landed on their own side? Instead of this they drew up their canoes on the Virginia side only a short distance below Captain Cresap's farm, placed themselves in a sheltered position, and made ready for action. From their appearance and conduct the attack made upon them was justifiable warfare; and it seems that the Indians were not only well prepared for it, but expected it. Whether or not any of Logan's kinfolks were engaged in this affray, it is certain that none of them was there "murdered in cold blood."

"On our return to camp," says Gen. George Rogers Clark, "a resolution was formed to march the next day and attack Logan's camp on the Ohio, about thirty miles above us. We actually marched about five miles, and then halted to take some refreshment. Here the impropriety of executing the proposed enterprise was argued; the conversation was brought forward by Cresap himself. It was generally agreed that those Indians had no hostile intentions, as they were hunting, and their party was composed of men, women, and children, with all their stuff with them. This we knew, as I myself and others present had been in their camp about four weeks before that time, on our descending the river from Pittsburg. In short, every person present, particularly Cresap, upon reflection was opposed to the projected measure. We returned, and on the same evening decamped, and took the road to Redstone.

"It was two days after this [April 30] that Logan's family were killed. And from the manner in which it was done, it was viewed as a horrid murder by the whole country. From Logan's hearing that Cresap was at the head of the party at Wheeling, it was no wonder that he considered Cresap as the author of his family's destruction."

But so far from Cresap's having had any hand in that transaction, Logan no doubt owed his own life to Cresap's counsels and influence. The affair at Yellow Creek, where Logan's kindred were killed, has always been looked upon as a "horrid" massacre. Perhaps it was. But will some one versed in

the art of war tell us how far stratagems are disallowable? When does an ambush become dastardly? When does lying-in-wait for the foe and attacking without notice degenerate into murder? When is the sharp-shooter to throw down his rifle and retire from his intrenchment? When is the savage who approaches with uplifted tomahawk or club to be received with extended hand and gentle courtesies? The Indians encamped at the mouth of Yellow Creek—even though accompanied by some of their women—were undoubtedly upon the "war-path." Their pretense was hunting. On the opposite side of the river was the cabin of Joshua Baker, who sold rum to the Indians, and of course received frequent visits from them. Captain Cresap knowing their fondness for liquor, had particularly desired Baker to remove it, but contrary to his advice he still continued to sell it. Baker at length became alarmed for the safety of himself and family, and prepared to remove them and his effects to the interior settlements. But on the evening previous to the catastrophe a squaw came over to Baker's house, and by her crying seemed to be in great distress. Upon being asked the cause of her distress, she refused to tell, but getting Baker's wife alone, she told her that the Indians were going to kill her and all her family the next day; that she loved her, and did not wish her to be killed, and therefore told her what was intended, that she might save herself. In consequence of this information Baker got a company of men to the number of twenty-one to come to his house, and they were all there before morning. A council was held, and it was determined that the men should lie concealed in the back room; that if the Indians came and deported themselves peaceably they should not be molested; but if otherwise, the men were to show themselves and act accordingly. Early in the morning seven Indians, including three squaws, came over unarmed, Logan's brother among them. They immediately called for rum, and all except Logan's brother became intoxicated. Meanwhile the white men lay concealed, except Baker and two others who remained outside with him.

After some time, Logan's brother took down a hat and coat belonging to Baker's brother-in-law who lived with him, put them on, and placing his arms a-kimbo, began to strut about, till coming up close to one of the men, he aimed at him a blow, at the same time calling him a vile name. The white man parried the blow and kept out of the Indian's way for some time, but finally becoming irritated, seized his gun and shot his persecutor just as he was making for the door. The other white men, hearing the noise, rushed out and killed the whole of them, excepting one child.

But before this happened, two canoes, one with two and the other with five Indians, all naked, painted, and armed completely for war, were discovered to start from the shore on which their camp was. "Had it not been for this circumstance," says one of the narrators of the transaction (John Sappington), who was a participant in it, "the white men would not have acted as they did; but this confirmed what the squaw had told before." The white men having slain those who were at the house, now drew up in line along the bank of the river to receive the canoes. The first one containing two Indians came near, when the white men fired and killed them both. The other canoe then went back. After this two other canoes, containing eighteen warriors, attempted to land below Baker's cabin; but they were fired upon, and compelled to withdraw with the loss of one of their number, after first discharging their rifles.

"To the best of my recollection," says John Sappington, above referred to, "there were three of the Greathouses engaged in this business. I was intimately acquainted with Cresap, and know he had no hand in that transaction. He told me afterwards himself at Redstone Old Fort that the day before Logan's people were killed, he with a small party had an engagement with a party of Indians on Captina, about forty-four miles lower down. Logan's people were killed at the mouth of Yellow Creek on the 24th of May, 1774; and the 23d, the day before, Cresap was engaged as already stated. I know likewise that he was generally blamed

for it, and believed by all who were not acquainted with the circumstances to have been the perpetrator of it. I know that he despised and hated the Greathouses ever afterwards on account of it." Mr. Sappington is mistaken as to the time, which is correctly given in connection with the quotation from General Clark's narrative. His statement was not made until twenty-six years after the event, and while his recollection is remarkably accurate in regard to details, it is slightly at fault as to dates. Sappington was the one who killed Logan's brother; but the Greathouses are implicated in the slaughter of the women. Had they been spared, there would be less reason for terming the affair a "horrid murder." Otherwise, the transaction was a timely repulse of savage massacre and outrage. Had not the white men anticipated the Indians, the latter would have been the assailants and the former the victims. Self-defense, like necessity, does not regard law; and where the art of war has not been reduced to rule, the destruction of the enemy, by whatever means, does not seek for the sanction of public opinion. The defenders of Baker and his family did not ask how the community would regard their conduct; they only knew there was danger, and that danger was to be removed. And they did it—"horridly," we must allow, but effectively.

In consequence of these murders (the slaughter of the women, one of whom was Logan's sister, deserves no other name), Logan, a Mingo brave, began to "glut his vengeance." Between the first day of May and the pacification under Lord Dunmore at Camp Charlotte in October, the number of victims slain by him in retaliation amounted to nearly thirty. Men, women, and children were indiscriminately butchered and scalped. The females were stripped and outraged. The men were slain, and knives, tomahawks or axes were left in the breasts they had cleft asunder. The brains of infants were beaten out, and their bodies left for the beasts of prey in the forests. If the slaughter at Yellow Creek was horrid, Logan's vengeance was even more so.

While these events were taking place, Cap-

tain Cresap had gone back to his old home in Maryland. There hearing of the Indian outrages on the frontiers, his sympathies were enlisted on behalf of the settlers, and he speedily raised a company of volunteers, with whom he marched to their assistance. When he reached the spot in Pennsylvania where Washington now stands, his advance was stopped by a peremptory and insulting order from Dr. Connolly commanding him to dismiss his men and to return. As the border war was already afoot, Connolly's order has a sinister appearance. He evidently desired to promote the interests of the British Government, and was willing to let the present mischief work to divert the attention of the settlers from its proceedings. Be that as it may, Captain Cresap obeyed the order, returned home and dismissed his men, with the determination never again to take any part in the Indian war, but to leave Dr. Connolly to fight it out as best he could. "This hasty resolution," says his biographer, Rev. John J. Jacob, "was however of short duration; for however, strange, contradictory, and irreconcileable the conduct of the Earl of Dunmore and his vice-governor of Pittsburg may appear, yet it is a fact that on the 10th of June the Earl of Dunmore unsolicited, and to Captain Cresap certainly unexpected, sent him a captain's commission of the militia of Hampshire County, Virginia, notwithstanding his residence was in Maryland. This commission reached Captain Cresap a few days after his return from the expedition just above mentioned, and inasmuch as this commission, coming to him in the way it did, carried with it a tacit expression of the governor's approbation of his conduct—add to which that about the same time his feelings were daily assailed by petitions from almost every section of the Western country praying, begging, and beseeching him to come over to their assistance—it broke down and so far extinguished all Captain Cresap's personal resentment against Connolly, that he once more determined to exert all his power and influence in assisting the distressed inhabitants of the Western frontier. He accordingly raised a company, placed

himself under the command of Major Angus Macdonald, and marched with him to attack the Indians at their town of Wapatomica on the Muskingum. His popularity at this time was such, so many men flocked to his standard, that he could not, consistently with the rules of an army, retain them in his company, but was obliged to transfer them, much against their wills, to other captains."

The results of this expedition were not of much value in the campaign, and it was only after the battle of Point Pleasant that the savages were brought to terms. The Earl of Dunmore marched in person with his forces direct to the Scioto country, and did not effect the promised junction with Colonel Lewis, who was the commandant at Point Pleasant. He entrenched himself in a regularly fortified camp on the Pickaway plains, near the Sippo Creek, which, in honor of his British queen he named Camp Charlotte. Here, after sundry negotiations with the Indian chiefs, during the progress of which the celebrated speech of Logan was brought in, Lord Dunmore concluded a peace, the history of which is familiar to most of our readers. We can not accord to Logan's speech the high praise bestowed upon it by Jefferson; but tricked out as it has been in rhetorical garb (perhaps by Dunmore himself), it undoubtedly reproduces some of the thoughts and feelings of the Mingo brave.

A good many sentimental tears have been shed over the fate of Logan and his kindred, and his spirited revenge of their wrongs; but while he had many noble traits of character, he was addicted to all the vices of his race, and did not rise superior to his surroundings. He was of a stolid temperament, but resentful when aroused; and though capable of generous deeds, he became an incarnate fiend when he fancied himself injured. He had his hours of repentant leisure, but soon lapsed into his habitual moodiness and yielded to the curse of strong drink when the evil spirit of his nature came upon him. He flung away all the better impulses of his youth, the religious teachings which he must have heard from

the Moravian missionaries, and sank into utter depravity, self-abandoned and self-tormented. His end was a fitting close to his career—he died by violence, and is buried in an unknown grave.

At the conclusion of the campaign, Captain Cresap returned to Maryland and cultivated the arts of peace in the midst of his family circle. Early the next Spring, 1775, he hired another band of young men and repaired again to the Ohio country to complete his undertaking of the year before. He did not stop at his old station, but descended to Kentucky, which seemed to offer better inducements, and there made some improvements. Ill health, however, soon compelled him to give up his enterprise, and he left his workmen and departed for his home across the mountains that he might rest and recover his health. But human hopes are illusory. The times were troublous. Already at Lexington had

*"The embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world!"*

and the air was full of the notes of preparation for the coming struggle. Congress was now in session, and passed a resolution to enlist six companies of riflemen to serve for one year, unless the affairs of America would admit of their discharge sooner. The delegates from Maryland addressed a letter to the committee of Frederick County, requesting them with all convenient speed to raise two of these companies—the others were to be formed in Pennsylvania and Virginia. The delegates said: "You will, doubtless, if possible, get experienced officers, and the very best men that can be procured, as well from your affection to the service as for the honor of our province."

In consequence of this resolve of Congress and the letter from the delegation of Maryland, June 15, 1775, the committee of Frederick County immediately appointed Michael Cresap and Thomas Price captains to command these two rifle companies; and as the former had not yet returned from the West, a messenger was at once dispatched to notify him of his appointment. He met him, on his way back, in the Alleghany Mountains. "When I communicated my business," says

the messenger (John J. Jacob), "and announced his appointment, instead of becoming elated, he became pensive and solemn, as if his spirits were really depressed, or as if he had a presentiment that this was his death warrant. He said he was in bad health and his affairs in a deranged state, but that, nevertheless, as the committee had selected him, and as he understood from me that his father had pledged himself that he should accept of this appointment, he would go, let the consequences be what they might. He then directed me to proceed to the west side of the mountains and publish to his old companions in arms his intention. This I did, and in a very short time collected and brought to him at his residence in Old Town about twenty-two as fine fellows as ever handled a rifle."

Captain Cresap had no difficulty in filling up his company, and in a short time was ready to take the field. In a letter from Fredericktown, Maryland, to a gentleman in Philadelphia, published in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* of August 16, 1775, the writer thus speaks of the young revolutionary hero: "Notwithstanding the urgency of my business, I have been detained three days in this place by an occurrence truly agreeable. I have had the happiness of seeing Captain Michael Cresap marching at the head of a formidable company of upwards of one hundred and thirty men from the mountains and backwoods, painted like Indians, armed with tomahawks and rifles, dressed in hunting-shirts and moccasins; and though some of them had traveled near eight hundred miles from the banks of the Ohio, they seemed to walk light and easy, and not with less spirit than the first hour of their march. Health and vigor, after what they had undergone, declared them to be intimate with hardship and familiar with danger. Joy and satisfaction were visible in the crowd that met them. Had Lord North been present, and been assured that the brave leader could raise thousands of such like to defend his country, what, think you, would not the hatchet and the block have intruded on his mind? I had an opportunity of attending the captain during his stay in town, and

watched the behavior of his men, and the manner in which he treated them; for it seems that all who go out to war under him do not only pay the most willing obedience to him as their commander, but in every instance of distress look up to him as their friend and father. A great part of his time was spent in listening to and relieving their wants, without any apparent sense of fatigue and trouble. When complaints were before him, he determined with kindness and spirit, and on every occasion condescended to please without losing his dignity."

With this company of Maryland riflemen, Captain Cresap proceeded to Boston, and joined the American army, under the command of General Washington, in August. He did not remain there long, however, for continued and increasing ill-health prevented his engaging in active service, and he set out upon his return home, hoping to recover. When he reached New York he found himself too ill to go further, and there, after six days' fever, he died on the 18th of October, 1775, aged thirty-three years. He was buried on the following day with military honors, in Trinity Church-yard. He left a wife and five children to mourn their loss, while his untimely death caused many sad hearts in his native province. Among his neighbors he was regarded as an active, brave, and patriotic man; honest and upright in all his business transactions, punctual to his engagements, a kind husband and father, and a hospitable friend to the poor. The way-worn stranger or traveler always received a hearty welcome at his house. His father, Colonel Thomas Cresap, on account of the liberality displayed by him towards the friendly Indians, received from them the name of "Big Spoon," and his son inherited his kindly disposition.

Some two or three years after the death of Captain Cresap, his widow was married to Major David Rogers. He became a trader in the Spanish settlements in lower Louisiana, and purchased large supplies of Western products, which he carried down the river in flat-boats, selling them at enormous profits. Upon his return from one of these expeditions, in 1779, with a party of men

ascending the Ohio, he reached the mouth of the Licking opposite to Cincinnati, just at the time when a band of savages from the Miami towns were making a hostile incursion into Kentucky. The commander of the little squadron on the river, believing himself to be superior in numbers to the Indians, caused his men to disembark, and give them battle. This act was fatal. Most of his company were cut to pieces, and Major Rogers himself was among the slain.

Mrs. Rogers being now widowed a second time, continued to reside at her former home in Old Town; where, in 1781, she was again married to John J. Jacob, formerly in the employ of her first husband, Captain Cresap. Mr. Jacob had entered the American militia as an ensign in July, 1776, at the age of nineteen, and subsequently obtained a lieutenant's commission in the regular army, with which he continued until the Winter of 1781, when he retired with the rank of captain. He and his wife, with two of her daughters, Captain Cresap's two sisters and a few others, joined the Methodist Episcopal Church and constituted the earliest Methodist society in Old Town.

The late Judge Scott, of Chillicothe, who was well acquainted with Mr. Jacob, says, "He was the leader of the first class raised in Old Town, and eventually became an effective local preacher. He was a man of deep piety and burning zeal. His talents were not of a high order; but in labors he was more abundant than any other local preacher with whom I was ever acquainted. Many seals were added to his ministry. He was greatly venerated and esteemed by his acquaintances. He possessed a good name, which is better than precious ointment. His lady, after her conversion, became a bold, intrepid veteran of the cross. She was splendid in appearance, in company and in conversation; and her musical organs for sweetness and compass of voice far exceeded any other singer to whom I ever listened. . . . They were hospitable, humane, benevolent. Their house was ever opened for the reception and entertainment of the preachers and weary sojourners. The members of the annual conference which

sat at Old Town in 1793 were entertained by them, and at that conference the writer took his final leave of them. He is not indebted to them for pecuniary aid. His obligation to them rests upon higher, holier, and more enduring considerations; for religious instructions when but a small boy, and that courteous, refined delicacy manifested in their conduct and conversation, which is much more easily perceived and appreciated than expressed."

Mr. Jacob became a Methodist in 1783. He refers to his conversion as attended by remarkable circumstances, and an indescribable ecstasy. "My whole frame," he says, "especially my heart, seemed penetrated and wrapped in a flame of fire and love, and I think I felt like Peter, James, and John on the Mount." He lived to see his eighty-third year, and died in 1839. His last words were "I shall soon meet Bishops Asbury and George. Now, Lord, receive me to thyself. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course. All is well—safe!"

Captain Cresap's eldest daughter, Mary, soon after attaining her majority, was united in marriage to Hon. Luther Martin, attorney-general of the State of Maryland, and one of the ablest lawyers of his time. He was a delegate from that State in the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, and a man of marked ability. The second daughter, Elizabeth, was married to Lenox Martin, a brother of the former. He was educated for the bar and commenced practice. Himself and wife were both converted under Methodist preaching, and united with the Church. Soon after, Mr. Martin was licensed to preach, and served acceptably as a local minister. Sarah, the youngest daughter was married to Osborn Sprigg, and settled with him in her native State. She had four sons, one of whom represented the Cumberland District of Maryland some years ago in Congress.

The two sons of Captain Cresap, James and Michael, married well, were prosperous in life, and highly respected among their neighbors. They both left descendants, some in Maryland and others scattered through the West and South.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

THE INCARNATION.

THE distinguishing feature of the historical and doctrinal system called THE GOSPEL is its initial fact, that the divine personality was incarnated, and appeared as a man among men; that the Divine Logos was made flesh [man], and dwelt among us [men]; that God sent forth his Son, made of a woman. The Biblical conception of that wonderful event, as presented first in the Old Testament prophecies, and afterwards in the New Testament records, and as formulated in the creeds of Christendom, is that the Divine Word—the second person of the adorable Trinity—became “hypostatically”—personally conjoined with a complete human being, thus constituting a single personal entity, at once divine, with all the fullness of the Godhead, and human, with the completeness of all the essential conditions of manhood; and that this complex personality is “one altogether, not by confusion of substance, but by unity of person.” This is the glory of the incarnation, which stands out as the one central and supreme fact of the Christian faith; and this pre-eminent and supreme doctrine of the Gospel is also exclusively a matter of divine revelation.

Nature is eminently theistical; and philosophy demands as a salient point for all its processes a *first cause*, and a permanent directing energy, implying as its attributes both force and intelligence. And these requirements of the objective world are responded to and confirmed by the intuitions of the reason. The reality of a genuine natural theology is recognized and assented to in Holy Scripture. The Psalmist declares that “the heavens declare the glory of God,” and that the procession of day and night “showeth knowledge.” And St. Paul (Rom. i, 10) more definitely asserts that “the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made,

even his eternal power and Godhead.” It is an original suggestion of the pure reason that in all the domains of the finite no phenomenon can exist or occur without its proper antecedent cause. The requirement for such a causative antecedent is so obviously necessary that it can neither be proved nor doubted; and the continued existence of the phenomenal universe is a perpetual implication of the continuous presence and activity of the causative energy and intelligence—the immanence of the Divine in nature. And because the affairs of the world are arranged in the most exquisite order, in which means are adapted to their ends, and events set forth in harmonious order, it seems to be evident that the power which made and sustains the world is an attribute of an intelligent Person. The further thought that this infinitely wise and powerful One is also full of all goodness, and delighting to do good, is the result of the joint lessons of reason and of revelation. The fact of a universal providence is demonstrated, primarily as implied by the presence of the Divine in human affairs, and secondarily in the manifest proofs of a super-human power in the world. None but “the fool” can say “there is no God,” and this folly of atheism originates in men’s hearts much more than in their understandings.

Men’s original and simple conceptions of supernatural things which are most frequently embodied in poetical language and imagery, are nearly always theistical—and nothing more. Of this the older Vedic hymns are eminent examples; and among the best style of Grecian poetry, Cleanthes’ “Hymn to Zeus,” is at once lofty and almost divine. That grandest and poetically the best of modern Christian odes—that of the Russian poet Dershnyin, translated by Sir John Bowring—scarcely rises above its Grecian exemplar, recognizing simply the majesty of the Divine Person, and his creating and sustaining prov-

idence. That of the German hymnist, Breit-haupt, translated by John Wesley and placed in his hymn-book, is in no sense a specifically Christian hymn, but rather such as might be used by any philosophical theist. Our principal English poets from Spenser and Milton downwards seldom come any nearer to the specifically Christian idea of God manifested in the flesh. In some of them, eminently those of Pope, only a dynamic providence is recognized. Thomson sees God in the changes of the seasons; Young pours out his soul in worship of the Divine majesty; Coleridge's spirit ascends Godward along the steeps of Mount Blanc, and even quaint and devout old Francis Quarles attunes his so-called Christian emblems in harmony with the aspirations of Epictetus or Marcus Aurelius. In all these, with very much that is excellent, and suited to voice the soul's worship, there is a conspicuous absence of those specifically Christian conceptions which cluster about the glorious mystery of the incarnation.

But a simple theism, however correct and exalted in its ideas, and although accompanied with a devout spirit, must always fail to satisfy the soul's yearnings and aspirations. Men's natural sense of dependence and of their need of an ever-present support and sustenance—something realizing at once the providence of a father and the tenderness of a mother—constantly calls for a more intimate nearness to God. Accordingly one finds in the religions of nearly all nations, something approaching more or less nearly to the Christian idea of the incarnation of the divine. This was seen by the early Christian fathers, and was by them ascribed to the devil, vainly essaying to counterfeit the most sacred of the Christian mysteries. It has also, with a much better show of reason, been referred to the earnest, intuitive, but only faintly understood, yearnings of the human soul for some way by which to bridge the awful gulf which separates it from God. Perhaps we can not do better than adopt as our own the words of Neander on this subject, "The truths which the religious sense can recognize at the bottom of these myths, is the earnest desire, inseparable from man's spirit, for communion with God, for participation in the divine nature as its true life, its anxious longing to pass the gulf which separates the God-derived soul from its original;

its wish, even though unconscious, to secure that union with God which alone can renew human nature, and which Christianity shows us as a living result." Merely intellectual conceptions of the divine, "of a pure spiritual essence without form or emotion pervading all and transcending all," are justly characterized as "too vague and abstract to yield us comfort" (Rev. Dr. Cocker). Some way for a nearer approach of the soul to God is a necessity of its being; and since man can not rise to God it is necessary that God should come down to man.

Accordingly we find in many of the religious systems of men's invention inchoate and tentative efforts towards the idea of an incarnation. The ancient Egyptians sought for this, and hoped to answer their felt wants in their fabled incarnation of Osiris in the bull Apis. The Hindoo mythologies abound in legendary incarnations of their chief divinities. The Grand Lama of Thibet, though confessed to be truly human, is also worshiped as a veritable incarnation of Buddha. The multiplied metamorphoses detailed in the Greek mythology are gross travesties of the older and purer conceptions of heathenism of the God-head revealed in humanity, for men's help and redemption. Among the native races of America almost the only religious ideas held in common relate to the incorporation of their divinities into their human associations, by themselves becoming men, and so bringing the blessings of the "land of souls" within the sphere of humanity. These widespread traditions and dimly recognized intuitions of the needed union of the divine with the human, and of the passage of the divine nature over to the sphere of the human, and of the conjunction of the two natures in the same person, indicate, by their common features, the sameness of their origin and strongly favor the notion that men's religious instincts call for the union of the divine and the human.

It may, indeed, be granted that there is a philosophical theism, which may also become devout and worshipful, and which is always present in true Christian worship; yet the center and soul of the Christian system is in that which philosophy can not apprehend, nor the groping instincts of the soul attain to, the complete embodiment of infinite Godhead in our humanity, as seen a veritable historical

person, Jesus of Nazareth. The sublime truth of the Christian incarnation is accordingly a matter of direct revelation; and only when that stupendous truth has possessed men's souls can they be saved from the curse of a gross and debasing idolatry. None of these mythological incarnations, when tested by reason and the religious intuitions, can escape condemnation as unreal and worthless, and, indeed, as positively corrupt and degrading, for even men's most definitely religious instincts, unless upheld and redeemed by supernatural truth, lead inevitably to spiritual degradation. For all that we can possibly know of the sublime and salutary truths of the incarnation and of the doctrines that cluster around that great central fact, we are dependent upon the revelations of the Word of God.

And as the doctrine of the incarnation is exclusively a matter of divine revelation, so too, is the Bible every-where full of it. The New Testament is the recognized life-story of the divine-human Christ as he appeared among men. On the human side he is declared to be the son of David and the son of Abraham, a man of his own people; on the divine side, he was the Eternal Word, God with God, made flesh and dwelling among men. The Old Testament also is eminently a Christian volume, having for its ever-present purpose the development of the truth and doctrine of the incarnation. And here we may learn, what we are too apt to overlook, that the personal union of the Godhead with our humanity was not simply the result of a catastrophe in human affairs and a remedial expedient made necessary by the entrance of sin into the world. There seems to be good reason to believe that the incarnation of the eternal Logos, was a purpose determined in the counsels of the Trinity in the ages of the older eternities, and which, on the occurrence of the fall of man, became redemptive as well as revealing. Our world was made for Christ, as well as by him, a place for habitation and for the manifestation of essential grace and truth, and the completeness of that nature which from the first bore the divine image, required its personal union with that of which it was itself only a miniature and imperfect likeness. The union of the Divine Logos with our nature is an unspeakable favor; and we should be slow to confess that for this we are,

even incidentally, indebted to the fact that sin has entered into the world. God, the Son, in the economy of Heaven, appears to stand in an eternal relation with the human race. We do not concede that there was an eternal necessity that man should become involved in the curse of sin, so as to need redemption; but that "the tabernacle of God should be with men," is a matter of too much interest to depend for its realization upon the base and ruinous catastrophe "of man's first disobedience." The advantages that accrue to the race through Christ are much more than a redemption; and as the divine image in man was a promise and prophecy of a special nearness, a conjunction, indeed, of the divine and the human natures, so the manifestation of the Godhead in a human personality appears to have been anticipated and provided for from the beginning.

It was, indeed, by reason of man's sin that the incarnation of the Divine Son became to him an occasion of humiliation and suffering and death. As sin did not occasion the incarnation neither could its incoming turn aside the eternal decree of the Godhead and the Father's oath of covenant with the Son. But while, but for sin, the progress of the Messiah to our world would have been a triumphal entrance into the kingdom prepared for him, and among his holy and spotless subjects, who would have received him with joyful acclamations, and rejoiced to submit themselves to his dominion, and to share in his glory,—because of sin he came at once as a sufferer and a conqueror. Entering himself into the society of the race, he became of right the head of the commonwealth of humanity, accepting its indebtedness, as well as becoming its possessory ruler. And for this cause "he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows," and because of the penal curse that rested upon the race, which he also assumed, "he was wounded for our transgressions" and "bruised for our iniquities." The Father's gift of the "uttermost parts of the earth" as an inheritance and patrimony to the Son, was at his coming in the hands of the Adversary. His was therefore a work of rescue and of conflict with attendant labors and sufferings. His subjects were all found to be guilty ones, under the sentence of the law of eternal righteousness, from which estate they had need to be re-

deemed; and accordingly "in all their affliction he was afflicted." Sin, which to the transgressor is a cause for deepest shame and remorse, was to Christ the procuring cause of the ineffable agonies of the garden and the cross, and by reason of the existence and dominancy of sin in the world, he who should have been always the glorious Prince of righteousness, became also, and for the time being eminently, "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

The great truth of the incarnation of the Godhead in the person of the Divine Son, makes its evident impress upon the language and imagery of Holy Scripture. In his absoluteness and unconditioned spirituality it was impossible for God to be known by man. It was needful, therefore, that he should pass out from the unapproachable glory of uncreated light into the range of man's spiritual vision. And accordingly he comes down to the level of our conceptions, and presents himself in the forms of continuous anthropomorphisms of thoughts and images; and these were, for their time, "the likeness of good things to come," unconscious prophecies of the divine in human form. That he might consciously reveal himself to man, God has so conditioned himself in relation to man, by the assumption of our nature, that he may think our thoughts and converse in our language and sympathize with us in both our joys and our sorrows. And while, no doubt, God is "seen of angels," through the incarnation, as otherwise he could not be seen, it is still very evident that the vision of God in Christ is pre-eminently clear and direct to those who share a common nature with him.

In itself the incarnation is the conjunction in a single personality of two natures, each of which alone were a sufficient basis of a complete *hypostasis*, the Godhead in the second person of the Trinity, the manhood in the human body and soul of Jesus, the son of Mary. As a phenomenon occurring within the realm of nature the affair lies outside of natural law, and it is, therefore, in that sense a mystery, though really it is no more a prodigy than is every other phenomenon of existence. The one great mystery which comprehends all others is that of *being itself*, and because that must be accepted, beyond or within it, there can be no real mystery. After that stupen-

dous and stunning fact is accepted there can be no other mystery, and we are not to ask, What *can* be? but, What is declared by competent testimony? Beyond what appears on the surface of things, we know nothing about life; nor do we know what is either matter or spirit, nor how these are united in the constitution of rational beings. When, therefore, we concede our inability to explain the mode of the union of the divine and human elements in the person of Christ, we simply remand that subject, with all other ultimate facts, to the category of the unknowable. It comes to us without any antecedent improbability as a historical event attested by adequate evidence, and therefore entitled to belief. We have nothing to do with the original possibilities or probabilities of the case, since all that part of the subject lies wholly beyond the range of our inquiries. It is no more nearly absurd to believe in the existence of a person combining the divine and human elements than to credit the fact of rational, spiritual beings personally united with animal and material bodies. And a person, thus uniting God and man, would appear to be peculiarly adapted to become a medium of communication by which the things of the spirit world might be clearly revealed to mankind. Because Christ came down from heaven, he is able to declare the counsels of God to man.

The Bible is both a result of the incarnation and its history and illustration. Even before Christ came he was "the light of the world," just as the dawn precedes the rising of the sun. All knowledge dwelt in infinite fullness in our Lord's divine nature; and by the union of the divine and human in his person the contents of the divine mind were laid open to Christ's human cognition, so that whatever God would make known to man was communicated to the world through him. In the Old Testament times he spake to the fathers of the race by the prophets; but when he came in the flesh he spake in his own person, entering into the sphere of men's own thoughts, and telling them in the most readily intelligible language the things that he designed to be known. In this way Christ became "the Light of the world," "the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," because he was himself "the Word made flesh;" and liv-

ing in direct mental contact with the mind of the race, of which he was both a constituent member and the Head, and the disposer of its destinies. And that he might become the more effectually the teacher and the sole and perpetual authority in his Church, he has caused his revelations to be recorded, and the record to be kept by the Church for the use of all men, of which Word the Church is at once the custodian and the interpreter. And upon these records he has placed his sign manual and seal, declaring of them, "They testify of me," and also instructing his apostle to say for him, "These things are written that ye might believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God; and that believing ye might be saved through his name." "The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy."

The union of the two natures, the divine and the human, as is seen in the person of Christ, implies a sameness in kind in those natures—otherwise they could not be conjoined in a harmonious unity. The required condition for this on the human side was provided for in the constitution originally given to man, and its resultant relations. All other beings in the universe, the highest as well as the lowest, are apprehended simply as God's creatures; to man alone are accorded the character and relations of sonship. There is a deep significance in the statement that man was made in the "image of God," and was constituted by the breath of his Maker "a living soul." Man's relations to God imply very much more than that he is the work of the divine hand and the product of God's power; he is the offspring of the Divine Spirit, the begotten of the outgoing of the Divine Selfhood. And because human nature is the same in kind with the divine—however far removed in glory and excellence—lying in the same plane and possessing like susceptibilities, it was possible for the two to be conjoined in a single personality. As Hooker, with characteristic judiciousness, remarks, "Of both natures there is a co-operation often and an association always," and therefore there must be such an original oneness of essential properties that the two may subsist and co-operate in the same person. This divine element in man's nature, while it shows with what dignity God endowed man at the first, discloses also the theory of that remarkable fact in the

conduct of the work of saving men by Christ Jesus, "who took not the nature of angels, but the seed of Abraham." It was not especially noteworthy as the passing by of a higher order of beings to come down to a lower, but rather a seeking to be manifested in a nature capable of a real union with the divine. And here, too, may be seen a further intimation that the incarnation was an original purpose, contemplated and provided at man's creation, independent of its relations to the work of redemption. It also gives increased significance to the prophecies respecting the future blessedness and glory of redeemed humanity—the Church triumphant, the mystical body of the Divine Savior. That he might receive that glory, man was originally made "in the image of God;" and because of man's godlike nature, God the Son himself became man, and so he who was God with God, became also man with man, and so conjoined our nature to eternal and uncreated Godhead.

In our conception of the great mystery of the incarnation, and while we must contemplate Jesus as really a man, it is proper and necessary that we should view him as something more than any private and simply personal member of the human family. He was, indeed, neither solely nor chiefly a man, but eminently and supremely MAN, standing at the head of the race, and holding our nature in the most intimate connection with the divine. There is an ideal, yet entirely real, unity of the human family, which unity was at the first naturally embodied in the first Adam, who was put in charge of treasures of infinite worth, designed for the blessing of his posterity, and which he forfeited to their inestimable loss. The race was again, by divine ordinance, embodied in the second Adam (God made flesh), from whom a life-giving energy and redeeming power have gone forth to all men. It is not said that the eternal Logos became a man, which would indicate only a kind of Vedic incarnation, but that he became "flesh" (*sarvāt*), using a term that expresses the most general and comprehensive conception of aggregate manhood—not an individual man, one of the multitude of the children of the first man, but himself a second head and embodiment of the race-stock, with the members of which in severality he came to dwell, and of which in its aggregate unity he became the Head. He

its aggregate unity he became the Head. He was thus constituted the great archetype **MAN**, made after the pattern in which Adam was created, but raised infinitely above his level by indwelling Godhead. Adam, as simply a perfect man, was "a living soul," having life in himself, and made capable of propagating it in his posterity. Christ, likewise a

perfect man, in whom also dwelt the fullness of the Godhead bodily, was a *life-giving Spirit*. His coming into contact with our nature (*sapé*), became to it a quickening power, affecting all souls and imparting the first elements of spiritual life, which, duly cultivated, is destined to blossom into eternal life. Because he lives, they that are found in him shall live also.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.—An unpublished manuscript, giving certain new particulars concerning the murder of Rizzio, has been brought to light in the British Museum. It is probable that the manuscript was either dictated by Mary Stuart herself, or written from information supplied by her to her secretary. It begins with relating a discussion by the confederate lords, just after the murder, concerning the next step they ought to take. Darnley, terrified at their proposals, endeavored at night to enter the queen's bedroom by a private stair. The door, however, was locked, and the queen firmly refused to open it till next morning, although Darnley assured her he had something to tell her which concerned their common safety. When he was at last allowed to enter, he threw himself on his knees before her, begged that she would pardon him, and showed her the secret articles between himself and his accomplices. The queen replied that he had lost her confidence, as she believed, forever, but that he must now devise means to save both himself and her from danger. His plan was that she should pardon the conspirators, and thus prepare the way for a compromise; but she refused to promise it, saying, however, that her husband might promise any thing he liked in her name. Darnley first brought his father to her, and afterward the other lords of the same faction. Morton, as spokesman for the rest, implored her pardon, and he knelt on the very spot which was still red with the blood of Rizzio. The queen, being closely pressed by the solicitations, at last feigned sudden illness, and called for the immediate presence of the midwife, leaving it to Darnley to say what she would do. Although the midwife had been

appointed by the conspirators, she was so well deceived that she reported the life in danger from premature labor, and the lords were obliged to withdraw. That night Mary's plan of escape was secretly arranged, and before day-break, says the manuscript, she and Darnley were a long distance on the road to Dunbar,

WILL EUROPE HAVE ANOTHER MOHAMMEDAN STATE?—News of great importance comes from Scutari. The Albanians, whose national pride has been wounded by the proposed cession of a portion of their territory to Greece, have determined to shake off her allegiance to Turkey and form an independent state. They are fanatical Mussulmans, and they take this step only because the sultan has yielded to the demands of the Powers respecting the Greek frontier. No one can foresee what diplomatic complications may result from this movement. The Ottoman Government, in its present feeble condition, will hardly venture to attempt the subjugation of these warlike mountaineers. Will the Powers responsible for the Berlin conference undertake the task, or will they assent to the creation of a new Mohammedan state in Europe?

THE BOERS IN AFRICA.—The Dutch settlers in South Africa are exceedingly fond of physic, and although extremely penurious in all other ways, niggardly, in fact, to the last penny, they will not scruple at the slightest symptom of illness to send for a doctor. Should a surgeon once obtain repute, deservedly or otherwise, his fortune is certainly made. The most ridiculous circumstances often insure to him this good luck. And the amount of money he receives yearly

is sometimes very surprising. General Cunynghame was told that a certain medical practitioner lost his credit by simply prescribing the use of liberal ablutions to an elderly lady. Her husband was dreadfully angry, making his remonstrances in the following terms: "Young man, you are a stranger in this country, and recommend new customs, which are contrary to usages which we know to be the true rules to health. I have been now married to my 'vrow' for thirty-five years, during which time water has scarce touched her body. It is not, sir, by your persuasion that such intrusions can be made into our manners; you are ignorant of our mode of life, and do not understand our wants."

THE BURMESE AT HOME.—A correspondent of *The London News*, writing recently from Burmah, thus describes a Burmese village: "The village itself is a straggling kind of affair. Every man builds his house where he pleases, and in what line he pleases, so that there is no semblance of a street." The houses are built entirely of bamboo, and are barrack-like in structure, being one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet long, and forty or fifty feet broad. The eaves come down to within a few feet of the ground, and as there are no windows, they are dismal enough. But they keep out the storms, which are dismal enough on the hills, and that is all that is wanted. Each house has a private door, at which only the family may enter. A stranger entering by the family door provokes the family "gnat," and there is a tremendous rumpus on the spot. As to uninitiated eyes there are no more points about the family door than about any other, you have got to be very careful how you enter a house uninvited. All about the eaves are fixed skulls of buffaloes, pigs, deer, and other wild animals."

THIBET AS IMPENETRABLE AS EVER.—From letters of Colonel Prejivalski received in St. Petersburg, some weeks ago, it appears that the Chinese authorities objected to, but did not actually prohibit, his journey to Thibet. He crossed the Blue River, and entered Thibet by the plateau of Taula. At a distance of two hundred and fifty versts from Hlassen, he was met by special emissaries of the Dalai Lama, telling him in the most courteous manner that the people, taking the Russians for sorcerers,

would not permit their entering the capital, lest they should injure or abduct their idolized high-priest. Witchcraft, it appears, was attributed to them from the havoc their rifles made among a band of brigands in the Thibet hills. There remained nothing for Colonel Prejivalski and his twelve Russian associates but to retrace their steps. By the middle of February he returned to Tsaidan, and toward the end of March reached Sinine. The Chinese authorities, after many expostulations, permitted him to travel alone by the Yellow River, whence he intended to return to Siberia by Datchin, Alashan and Ougra. While carrying out this intention he was arrested somewhere near the Yellow River.

ALL HONOR TO ITALY FOR HER PATRIOTISM, say we, for the prompt and liberal course taken by her in the matter of the projected monument to Victor Emmanuel. How her conduct stands out in strong contrast to the sluggish and niggardly action of the United States touching the pending monument to Washington at the national capital! Poor and tax-ridden as Italy is, she has voted no less a sum than \$1,800,000 for the purpose, and offers three prizes, one of \$10,000, one of \$6,000, and one of \$4,000, for the best three models which may be sent in for the proposed structure—these three to remain the property of the state. The right to compete for the prizes is liberally thrown open to sculptors of all nations.

IGNORANCE OF THE TURKISH RULERS.—"I have spoken to many highly placed Turkish officers," writes the Constantinople correspondent of *The London News*, "and have not yet met with one who did not consider the obstinacy of the sultan to be in the highest degree dangerous; and when I have asked for an explanation, the answer has always been the same, that it is impossible to conceive the ignorance of European power which prevails in the men immediately about his majesty. To them he is still the Padishah, the vicegerent of God, the king of kings, the sovereign whom all others are bound to obey. He is simply an Eastern sovereign, with the education of an Eastern sovereign. The question, therefore, which the Powers may have to face almost immediately, is whether it is pos-

sible to effect any reform in Turkey whatever so long as the present sultan remains on the throne."

NIHILISM.—The spread of Nihilism is partly accounted for by the Saturday *Review*, on the ground that there is an inborn Wernerism in Russians. The war, it remarks, may have deepened the feelings, for it is the kind of feeling which is easily deepened in troubled times, but its existence is in no way explained by the war. Where this sort of melancholy exists there is a disposition to brood over wrongs, but to be indifferent to remedies. The Nihilists have no Russia that they wish to substitute for the Russia that exists. They merely hate those who work the machinery of existing Russia, and are ready to lay down their lives if only they may previously have the satisfaction of killing some one who conducts or represents the system they detest. No political body could be less fit or less inclined than these assassinating Nihilists to rear up the fabric of constitutional government. They are not of the people nor for the people. They are not even for themselves. They can not properly be said to have a cause. If they can but repay on their tyrants some of the misery they undergo or fear, they are satisfied.

THE HIDDEN TREASURES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—These are soon to be exhibited. A timely bequest falls in to enable the trustees who possess jewels, to acquire jewel cases, and to make the Greek antiquities, which remained for so many centuries buried near Athens, and for so many years buried near Bedford Square, open to public admiration. The difficulties of obtaining access to the print-room will now, perhaps, disappear, under the liberal management which has made the reading-room a source of comfort and instruction to other departments. There is something peculiarly perverse, as the daily *News* remarks, in a set of regulations that admit the public to take down, handle, and copy from valuable books, and at the same time surround the inspection of prints with restrictions and formalities. It is only a few months since the trustees sold off a portion of the rarest prints, in which they had ordinary local interest. That the building in Blooms-

bury should literally be opaged with treasures has long been a kind of stupid national boast. The \$300,000 left by the White bequest will be well spent in allowing Londoners to enjoy what they have so long and so fruitlessly possessed.

THE STRANGE SUPERIOR COURT OF MONTEGRO.—“There are a few customs and spectacles still lingering in this age to remind us that the world was not always prosaic, utilitarian, and unbelieving—a few survivals of the time when the superstition or the loyalty of all classes found uncriticised expression in magnificent ceremonies. They are dying fast. The simplest, but also the most interesting of such quaint shows is a séance of the superior court of appeals in Montenegro. To the left of the palace gate stands a lime tree of very moderate size, surrounded by a bank of turf, neatly edged with boulders. Hither, toward eight o'clock in the morning, strolls the prince, followed by his officers and guard. At a certain distance from it they halt and uncover, whilst his highness steps briskly forward, and seats himself at a square nook left hollow in the wall to accommodate his legs. If personages of distinction are present, they receive an invitation to take a place on either hand, and the court is open without more ceremony. Sometimes the whole space in front is crowded with peasantry, in silent ranks, come to behold their chief and hear his wisdom, but in this time of war, which makes such heavy demands on the labor of the few who stay at home, the audience is small. I have seldom beheld a finer subject for a painter. At a distance of twenty yards or so, on the right front of his highness, stand the veterans of his body-guard ranged in line, tall fellows mostly, grim of aspect.”

FOREIGN OFFICERS MANNING THE PERSIAN ARMY.—Persia now offers as promising a field for soldiers of fortune as Russia did a century ago. Not a few Germans and Poles hold high posts in the shah's army. The flying column recently sent against the invading Kurds contained five Austrian officers; and a Frenchman, M. Vonvilliers, has for several years held the position of chief of the arsenal at Teheran. But this dependence on European officers is by no means a novelty in Persia.

ART.

GROVE'S DICTIONARY OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS, AND RICHARD WAGNER.

GROVE'S "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" is rapidly nearing its completion. It is not too much to say that it supplies a *grand desideratum* to English-speaking peoples. As to the ability with which the original design has been carried out, there may be differences of opinion; but with the exception of examples of incorrect judgment in some minor articles, it is believed that the work has exceptional merit. Into this dictionary have been gathered a mass of valuable information and a wealth of musical criticism which must insure to it a very wide circulation, not among musicians alone, but among that large class of thoughtful persons who desire to have some fair knowledge of the men and works which have afforded to them such noble recreation from their every-day duties.

We are to be on our guard while searching a dictionary or a cyclopedia as much perhaps as while reading any other soberly prepared work. Since the days of the French cyclopedists it has been found that the dictionary and encyclopedias are the most sure ways of propagating any favorite dogma or heretical theory. So fully have the public, as a whole, come to rest in the statements of these grand compendiums of knowledge, that errors and grossly partisan views are easily disseminated through these means. The public fail to remember that every article must be wrought out by a writer who belongs to some school, and who will, designedly or insensibly, to some extent color the article with his own prejudice. We have had remarkable instances of this in some of the historical articles of the "New American Cyclopaedia," and in several of the theological and Biblical articles of the first edition of the "Britannica." We are not, therefore, to expect strict impartiality in the articles of the "Dictionary of Music and Musicians." Nevertheless, most of the work is well done. We turn to such leading articles as the *Opera*, the *Orchestra*, etc., and are delighted with the thoroughness of treatment and the wealth of information. We were curious to learn what estimate was put upon Wagner and his school.

The following excerpts may illustrate the spirit of the articles contributed by W. S. Rockstro. In reply to the question "Does there seem to be a reasonable hope that the 'Tetralogy' of Wagner may live?" this writer says: "The probable longevity of a work of art may be pretty accurately measured by the nobility of its conception. *Die Zauberflöte* is as young to-day as it was on the evening when it first saw the light; *Der Dorfbarbin* is not. Now it is an universally received maxim that of two works of art, both equally true to nature, that in which the greatest is produced by the least expenditure of means will prove the noblest. The greatest operas we have are placed upon the stage with wonderfully little expense. For the worthy representation of *Fidelio* we need only some half-dozen principal singers, a chorus, an ordinary orchestra, and a couple of scenes such as the smallest provincial theater could provide at a few hours' notice. For *Der Freischütz*, we only need, in addition to these, a few special 'properties,' and a pound or two of 'red fire.' But in order that *Der Ring des Nibelungen* might be fitly represented it was found necessary to build a new theater, to construct an orchestra on principles hitherto untried, and to fill it with a matchless company of instrumentalists, representing the most brilliant talent in Europe; to enrich the *mise en scène* with waves, clouds, mists, flames, vapors, a dragon—all of them made in London, and sent to Bayreuth in charge of a special messenger—and other accessories which put the stabled horses and led elephants of *Berenice* and the singing-birds of *Rinaldo* to shame; and, regardless of expense, to press into the service of the new school all the aids that modern science could contribute or modern ingenuity invent. Surely this is a great sign of weakness. There must be something wanting in a drama which needs those gorgeous accompaniments to make it attractive; and it is difficult to believe that such a display will ever again be attempted, except under the immediate superintendence of the author of the piece. But, supposing the 'Tetralogy' should be banished from the stage, from sheer inability to fulfill the necessary

conditions of its production, will the principles upon which it is composed be banished with it? Is it not possible that Wagner's teaching may live, even though some of the grandest of his own individual conceptions should be forgotten? Undoubtedly it will live, in so far as it is founded on purely natural principles. We have already spoken of his intense reverence for dramatic truth. He can not have taught us the necessity for this in vain. It is absolutely certain that, in this particular, he will leave a marked impression for good upon the coming generation. Whether or not he has carried his theories too far for successful practice is another question. His disciples say that he has not, and are so firmly convinced of the truth of their position that they will not even hear an argument to the contrary. Nevertheless, there are many who, despite their unfeigned admiration for his undoubtedly talent, believe that the symmetrical forms he has so sternly banished might have been, and still may be, turned to good account, without any real hindrance to dramatic action; and many more who doubt whether the old Florentine ideal, re-enforced by all that modern improvement can do for it, can ever be made to take the place of that which Mozart so richly glorified, and from which even Beethoven and Weber differed in individual treatment. The decision of these questions must be left for the future."

PRINCIPLES OF DECORATIVE ART.

DURING the past four or five years the terms "Decoration" and "Decorative Art" have been upon the lips of many who seem to have very little conception of their meaning. To the average citizen "decoration" means putting exterior, interiors, furniture, etc., into colors or forms which are unusual or ornamental. By few is the deep significance of these terms understood. The genuine artistic principles upon which true decoration is based are little studied even by the professional decorators themselves. Hence the results have too often been an offense to the best taste; and employers have been deceived by the ignorance of pretended artists, and have been obliged to pay enormous sums for work which is wretchedly meretricious. It is, therefore, very encouraging to meet occasional discussions which go to the heart of this subject, and res-

cue it from unjust abuse. The following from A. F. Oakley is excellent in principles and suggestions: The term "Decorative Art" is an attempt to classify certain kinds of artwork which are included in the broader term "Fine Art." The advantage of determining and adopting any technical term is that its exact meaning is universally accepted, and unless it were no comprehensive description could be given. The existing confusion of ideas as to the scope and aims of decorative art is largely owing to the fact that few persons can agree upon a definition of the term, and unless the reader can accept the definition here given, my philosophy will seem groundless. The word "decorative," from its Latin derivation, *decorus*, seemly, appropriate, implies the limitations of the art as *appropriate adornment*. Then a work of decorative art is dependent on the inherent qualities of some existing thing for its *raison d'être*, while a work of fine art is an independent creation, that is, independent of the forms, colors, and textures of material surroundings in its conception and execution, unless it be designed to occupy a certain place with special reference to the peculiarities, in which case it is a work of decorative art, and for that none the less a work of fine art, the distinction being based on the abstract idea involved in the work itself. A decoration which embodies an intellectual idea independent of the whole scheme of which it is only a part, rises to the level of fine art. In short a work of decorative art is not the peculiar ornament applied in whatever manner, but the resultant effect of the whole decorated thing. I may so hang my pictures that they shall, from their various forms, sizes, and tones of color, lend themselves to a scheme of decoration suited to a certain apartment, and as a matter of general effect this may have nothing to do with their subjects or individual excellence. On this ground the fortunate possessor of a really fine work of art, a statue or a picture, should treat the apartment in which it is to be enjoyed as its casket, banishing every thing that does not tend to enhance its effect. This can not be called decoration, but it is certainly decorative art, and thus we are obliged to subdivide, decoration bearing the same relation to decorative art that decorative art bears to fine art.

There are two kinds of decoration, that is,

two methods of producing decorative effects; forms in relief and forms drawn on flat surfaces, and these two methods become infinitely various by combination and by the use of color. To employ these means in modifying, correcting, or emphasizing the inherent qualities of things, and thereby to show that beauty consists in harmonious relations, is the object of decorative art. . . . The decorator, of all artists, must be generally informed. In devising a scheme of decoration of any scope, from the surfaces of a tea-cup to the interior of a legislative chamber, the existing thing must be considered in each of its qualities and all its relations. These must be determined in the order of importance, so that the decoration may be like the thing itself, designed upon a controlling principle (assuming that the design of the thing to be decorated is good, and does not require modification or correction). There are six inherent qualities in any object and every thing: purpose or function, consistence or material composition, form, size, nature of surface or texture, and color. In every problem the decorator finds that some three of these qualities are absolute, and can neither be modified nor corrected, so that he is forced to accept them as the basis of his work, the remaining three qualities being under his control, and with these he may apparently modify one or all of the others if necessary, the first desideratum being unity of expression. Whatever is must be harmonized by and with whatever is added, or the decoration becomes ornamentation.

UNIVERSALITY OF MUSICAL GIFTS.

HOWEVER varied the expressions of music, however distinctly marked by national peculiarities or idiosyncrasies, facts show not only that it has as its basis a universal gift of mankind, but also that the principal nations or races which make up the world of modern civilization have all contributed their quota to the sum of our present science and art of music. A very rapid glance at the history of music can not but substantiate that statement.

By common consent the Christian Church is credited with being the mother of our modern music. It was the Christian faith which gave inspiration if not life to the art of song in Europe. Now, of what nationality was the Christian Church? That force which set in

motion the whole of our present tone-thought was entirely outside of national origins or race influences; indeed, as the revelation of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man it was one which was destined to obliterate all distinctions of race and nationality. If we look at the nationality of the early teachers of the art, we also find that they belonged to different nations. The Keltic monk Huebald, the Italian Guido of Arezzo, the German Franco von Käln, the Frenchman Jean de Muris, all have very respectable, if not equal, claims to our admiration and gratitude as pioneers in the art of harmony. In the more purely secular branch of music, the *jongleurs*, *trouveres*, or *troubadours* of France came first to the front, but from Italy comes the first opera. Then comes an era of great activity and transcendent ability among the Gallo-Belgians, illustrated by the names of Dufay, Josquin des Prés, Willaert, and Goudineau. Then Italy again looms up, and later Germany, beginning with Bach, produces a dynasty of tone-kings who, though dead, still live. And yet, at this day, if we except Wagner, whose proper place in the hierarchy of musicians will be fully decided only by generations to come, Germany is to-day without a really great composer. Whose turn next? France claims that even now she holds the scepter. Italy has still her Verdi, and now comes forward with her Boito; and points to the great activity of her younger composers to show that if the "music of the future" is not hers, hers is the future of music. The Germans will not believe that the scepter can depart from among them, and look anxiously but confidently to see the new race of tone-poets who shall rival Bach and Handel and Haydn and Beethoven. England hopes not to be last in the race, and even we Americans have begun to think that the time may not be far distant when we shall contribute to the music art of the world not only famous executants but famous compositions. Our nation being made up of so many heterogeneous elements, has therefore fewer peculiarities; in other words, fewer national characteristics or a less distinct national life than any other, and hence a distinctively American art of music should not be expected among us. But for not being distinctively American need it be inferior? Are not the conditions of our social life the most favorable to the free and

greatest development of the individual; and when the great musician arises among us will not his work be only the greater for being the expression of his broad humanity? We think so, though, perhaps, "the wish is father to the thought." At any rate, if we remember that music is not the special birthright of any race,

that it is innate in all people and may be developed by all, we shall, on the one hand, be ready to judge with impartiality the musical productions of all countries, and we shall have faith in our own musical future. In such matters to believe is almost to have.—*Kunkle's Review*.

NATURE.

IMPURITIES OF DRINKING WATERS.—The public are now beginning to read much about the "germ theory" of disease; and hearing that fevers may be produced by germs, also being told that germs may be found in waters, they naturally but illogically infer that any small bodies found in water are the germs of disease. The most striking plants which grow in fresh water are those known as "weeds." Such as pickerel weed, eel-grass, etc. All of these weeds, whether they grow from the bottom, like those above mentioned, or float on the surface like duck-weed, may be considered harmless, as far as any direct effect produced on drinking water is concerned. The only sources of trouble to be apprehended from them are (1) the mechanical one of choking up streams or pipes; (2) that of serving as points of attachment or shelter for some of the minute injurious plants, which belong to that division of flowerless plants known as *algæ*. These plants are vastly more numerous than the flowering plants, and are also much smaller, many of them being invisible to the naked eye. Some of them occur in the form of filaments; others that of slimy masses; and others consist of single microscopic cells floating in the water, and only visible when they occur in great numbers. Whatever their shape, however, in considering their effects, they are divided into two groups—those which are grass-green or yellowish-green, and those which are bluish-green or purplish. The first of these botanically considered belong to three different orders, but only two of these contain species which form masses of any considerable size. They frequent rather shallow places, and grow attached to sticks and stones at the bottom, or on the surface, where they form entangled masses many feet in extent. Considered from

a sanitary point of view, it is believed that these green *algæ* have no injurious effect upon the water in which they grow. On the contrary, their presence may be regarded as an evidence of its purity, for they do not grow in impure water. The second, or bluish-green group, may, like the grass-green *algæ*, be in the form of filaments, expanded masses, or scums on the surface. They also float freely in the water; but in this case they do not consist of single cells, but rather of aggregations of cells united by jelly into colonies. Their color, which is due to a mixture of chlorophyl and phycocyanin, is of importance, because by its means any one of ordinary intelligence can thus distinguish them from those above-mentioned. It is to the presence and decay of these last that is to be ascribed the cause of some of the most decidedly disagreeable tastes and odors which make their appearance in stagnant waters. But, generally speaking, so long as *algæ* are living they produce no perceptibly bad effect on the water. When they decay, however, trouble begins; they give off then a jelly or slime which is often astonishing in amount. The question as to the exact amount of harm caused by this group of *algæ* is to be answered by physicians and sanitarians. The theory that certain diseases, as fevers, are produced by germs of some low form of plant-life, whether true or not, has no bearing on the present case. Thus much may be said with certainty, that these *algæ* do not cause the specific diseases whose origin is considered explainable by the "germ theory." The germs, so-called, are all species of *bacteria*, distinct from these plants, and much minuter.

PRODUCING RAIN BY HUMAN METHOD.—This is the latest illustration of man's audac-

ity. Among some recent patents is one taken out by Daniel Ruggles, of Virginia, for what he designates as a new and useful mode of producing rain, or precipitating rain-falls from rain-clouds, for the purpose of sustaining vegetation and for protection against drought, and for sanitary purposes. The invention consists in sending balloons into the cloud-realms, said balloons carrying torpedoes and cartridges charged with explosives, and there to explode or detonate them by electric force. His design is to employ every kind of explosive force at an elevation in the cloud region of the atmosphere, in order to condense rain-clouds by concussive force, or the power of explosion within such region, thereby precipitating rain at need and to order. He contemplates the employment of nitro-glycerine, dynamite, gun-cotton, gunpowder, and other explosives, and to use the magneto-electric telegraph on the surface of the ground and the phono-telegraph in the cloud region to direct action in cases where a regular balloon not charged with explosives is occupied by an aeronaut to reconnoiter the cloud realm, to trail torpedoes and cartridges, or to throw them in parachutes, and to explode them either from the balloon occupied by the aeronaut or from the ground. Mr. Ruggles, proposes, moreover, not only to pull down rain by request, but also to check its fall in over-abundance in a given locality by causing the rain-clouds to stand and deliver before they reach this given locality.

LIGHT CHANGED TO SOUND.—In May, 1878, Alexander Graham Bell, well known in connection with the telephone, announced before a scientific society in London his belief that it would be possible to hear a shadow by interrupting the action of light upon selenium. At the last meeting of the American Society in Boston, Mr. Bell read a paper describing at length his experiments in the production and reproduction of sound by light, and the invention by Mr. Sumner Tainter and himself of an instrument for the purpose. The influence of light upon the electric conducting power of selenium is well known. It occurred to Mr. Bell that all the audible effects obtained in the telephone by variation of the electric current by sound waves, could also be produced by variations of light

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acting upon selenium; and that with suitable transmitting and receiving apparatus, voices might be conveyed without a wire *along a line of light*. The fundamental idea on which rests the possibility of producing speech by the action of light is the conception of what Mr. Bell terms an undulatory beam of light in contradistinction to an interrupted beam; meaning by the former a beam that shines continuously, but is subjected to rapid changes of intensity. The apparatus used to give the required undulatory character to light consists of a flexible mirror of silvered mica or thin glass. The speaker's voice is directed against the back of the mirror, as against the diaphragm of a telephone, and the light reflected from it is thereby thrown into corresponding undulations. In his experiments, chiefly with sunlight, Mr. Bell concentrates upon the diaphragm mirror a beam of light, which, after reflection, is again rendered parallel by means of another lens. The beam proceeding from the transmitter is received at a distant station upon a parabolic reflector, in the center of which is a sensitive selenium cell connected in a local circuit with a battery and telephone. In a recent experiment, Mr. Bell's associate operated the transmitting instrument, which was placed on the top of the Franklin school-house in Washington, about eight hundred feet distant from the receiver, placed in a window of Mr. Bell's laboratory. Through this distance messages were distinctly conveyed by means of light. In his laboratory experiments Mr. Bell finds that articulate speech can be transmitted and reproduced by the light of an oxyhydrogen lamp, and even by the light of a kerosene lamp.

AUTOMATIC MOVEMENTS OF A FERN.—Dr. Asa Gray recently observed a phenomenon which has not been before noticed, and which he commends to the attention of botanists. A tuft of fern, the *Asplenium trichomanes*, gathered in the mountains of Virginia, was growing in a glass dish at the house of a friend. On one occasion he noticed that one of the fronds, a rather short and erect one, which soon afterward showed fructification, made quick movements alternately back and forth in the plane of the frond, through from 20° to 40° whenever the dish was brought from its shaded situation into sunlight or bright daylight,

The movements became less extensive and rapid as the frond grew older. At first the movement was more rapid than the second-hand of a watch, but with occasional stops in the course of each half vibration. This was in full daylight, next a window, but not in the sunshine. This little fern is very common and easy to obtain and set to growing.

YELLOW FEVER.—Dr. Sternburg, who was commissioned to investigate the natural history of the yellow fever raging at Memphis and New Orleans, has announced as the result of his observations during the entire period of the plague, that there is no gross or conspicuous germ or organism, either in the blood of yellow fever patients or in the air of infected localities, which by its peculiar appearance or abundant presence might arrest the attention of a microscopist, and cause suspicion of its being the veritable germ of yellow fever. This statement is of importance in view of the announcement lately made by Klebs and Tomason that they had discovered what they believed to be the germ of malarial fever at Rome.

BALLOON PHOTOGRAPHS.—The success recently achieved by M. Paul Desmaret in his balloon photographs has created some sensation in the scientific world of Paris, and steps have been taken for the systematic photographing of that city and vicinity. One plate exhibited by M. Desmaret shows a piece of land covered with houses, gardens, and roads in the vicinity of Rouen, measuring three hundred by three hundred yards, and executed on the scale of one-eight hundredths. The altitude was about one thousand one hundred meters. Another photograph was in a view facing the horizon. All the Seine, from Rouen railway bridge to Guelleboeuf is seen with wonderful distinctness. The city of Rouen was concealed by a dense cloud, and is lost in darkness. The details of the bank can be magnified and examined at leisure. The remarkable ascent, on which these views were obtained, was made from Rouen on June 14th, with a new balloon built for the express purpose of crossing the channel.

CHANGING THE COLOR OF FLOWERS.—The natural color of flowers may be altered by exposing them to the diluted fumes of ammonia. Most of the blue, violet, and light crimson

flowers turn to a splendid light green. Dark crimson, clove pinks turn black, other dark red flowers turn dark violet, all white flowers turn sulphur yellow. This change of color is especially beautiful when the flowers are variegated. As soon as the new color is fully developed, the flowers must be dipped at once in cold water, when they will keep their new color from two to six hours, by degrees their natural color returning. If flowers be exposed to the fumes of ammonia for an hour or two they turn a dirty chamois color, which is permanent. Blue, violet, and red asters are turned an intense red when they are exposed to the fumes of muriatic acid gas; it takes from two to four hours fully to develop the new color. The flowers are then removed to a dark, cool place to dry.

THE GLOW-WORM.—In some experimental researches Mr. Jousset de Bellesme draws the following conclusion in regard to the phosphorescence of the glow-worm: "It is very probable that the phosphorescent substance is a gaseous product, for the structure of the gland supposed to cause this phenomenon does not suggest an organ for secreting liquid. But chemical phosphorescent products at an ordinary temperature are not numerous, which induces me to believe the substance is phosphuretted hydrogen. Indeed, my researches induce me to believe phosphorescence a property of protoplasm, consisting in the disengaging of phosphuretted hydrogen. This explains why many of the lower animals lacking a nervous system, are phosphorescent. Besides it offers the advantage of connecting the phenomena of phosphorescence in living beings with that which we see in organic matter in a state of decomposition. It is one more example of a phenomenon of the biological order traced to a chemical cause."

COAL IN CHINA.—The immense coal-fields of the Chinese Empire are being slowly developed, the superstitions of this strange people being overcome. In a district near Tchang, on the Upper Yang-ise-Kiang, a coal-field, extending over seventy-five square miles, has been tapped. At Wo-ise-kow ten beds of coal have been discovered; one of them, lying only one hundred feet below the surface, is being worked, and at least one million two hundred thousand tons of anthracite have been exposed.

RELIGIOUS.

WHAT REAL CHRISTIANITY WILL DO.—In the west of England flourished a gentleman who kept a first-class boarding-school. This in itself is no remarkable thing, for many men keep schools. But this man was so imbued with the obligations of primitive Christianity, which he conceived to consist, not in any accommodation of their principles, but in following out to the letter the precepts of the New Testament, that he has been known, among other things, to take off his coat on the highway to clothe the naked; and never under any circumstances whatever did he turn a deaf ear to the appeal of the needy, if it lay in his power to satisfy their want. In the opinion of his neighbors and friends, all this led him into various extraordinary aberrations of personal behavior; but nevertheless he was a gentleman and a scholar, beloved and respected by all, and against whom, save for his "peculiarities," not a word could be said. It is, however, in the conduct of his school that we find the illustration of gentleness *versus* force. Following out the strict sequence of his ideas, he came to the conclusion that not only "bearing one another's burdens," but suffering for others—the innocent for the guilty—was the great Christian law. This took a peculiar form in the discipline of his school. The usual delinquencies arose, and the usual punishments seemed demanded. To pass these by was not his idea at all, but to mark them with all the demerit they deserved, and to mete out the due punishment to each offense. But in pursuance of his belief these punishments were not allowed to fall upon the offenders. He himself undertook every task imposed, and endured every punishment ordered throughout all the varied grades of discipline needed in the school! The most peculiar and forcible manner in which this took effect was in regard to corporal punishment, which became occasionally necessary to mark the greater heinousness of some offense. This, also, he underwent by insisting that the offender, or the boys generally, instead of being punished by him, should inflict the punishment on him. Strange results might have been expected from such strange modes of

procedure; but the singular effect was, that it became the one anxious concern of the boys neither by any act of omission nor of commission to place themselves in such a position that a punishment merited by themselves should have to fall to their beloved preceptor—for this he had become to them in the highest sense. So far from such a course producing a vitiated set of pupils the school acquired well-deserved renown for the moral style of the boys, and for their excellent attainments, so much so that it was rather sought after by the distinguished and wealthy; and many a man not unknown to fame would own that he owed much to the good foundation laid for him in heart and mind under the guidance of that Christian teacher.

THE DURATION OF CHRIST'S LIFE.—This is now generally confined to thirty-two or thirty-three years. The difference of one or two years arises from the different views on the length of his public ministry. Christ died and rose again in the full vigor of early manhood, and so continues to live in the memory of the Church. The decline and weakness of old age is inconsistent with his position as the Renovator and Savior of mankind. But there is now and then a writer who revives the theory of old age. In a late number of the *Presbyterian Review* these theorists are ably answered by a thorough refutation of the ancient opinions on which they base their argument. We quote this examination: "Irenaeus, otherwise (as a disciple of Polycarp who was a disciple of St. John) the most trustworthy witness of apostolic traditions among the Fathers, held the untenable opinion that Christ attained to the ripe age of forty or fifty years, and taught over ten years (beginning with the thirtieth), and that he thus passed through all the stages of human life, to save and sanctify 'old men' as well as 'infants and children and boys and youths.' He appeals for this view to tradition dating from St. John, and supports it by an unwarranted inference from the loose conjecture of the Jews, when, surprised at the claim of Jesus to have existed before Abraham was born, they asked him,

'Thou art not yet fifty years old, and hast thou seen Abraham?' A similar inference from another passage, where the Jews speak of the 'forty-six years' since the temple of Herod began to be reconstructed, while Christ spoke of the temple, his body (John ii, 20), is of course still less conclusive."

SCOTCH PRESBYTERIANS.—Professor A. Ballmain Bruce, of Scotland, an attendant at the Ecumenical Presbyterian Council recently held in the city of Philadelphia, gives the following brief explanation of the denominational divisions of his own country: "The doctrine, of course, is the same; they only differ in a few questions of Church government. The Free Church of Scotland admits

the right of the state in molding certain forms of Church government, but has resisted the manner of interference. It has always held to the opinion that the state interferes too much with the liberty of private judgment, and hence has separated from its dependence and support. In its principles the Free Church of Scotland resembles very much the Presbyterian Church of America, which, in its action and deliberation, is entirely free from the interference of the state. The Established Church of Scotland, of course, enjoys the full privileges of state protection. The United Presbyterian Church of Scotland denies totally the right of any interference on the part of the state with matters of Church government.

CURIOS AND USEFUL.

GOLDSMITH NOT A NEGLECTED GENIUS.—His name has been used to glorify a sham Bohemianism—a Bohemianism that finds it easy to live in taverns, but does not find it easy, so far as one sees, to write poems like the "Deserted Village." His experiences as an author have been brought forward to swell the cry about neglected genius—that is, by writers who assume their genius in order to prove the neglect. The misery that occasionally befell him during his wayward career has been made the basis of an accusation against society, the English Constitution, Christianity—heaven knows what. It is time to have done with all this nonsense. Goldsmith resorted to the pack-work of literature when every thing else had failed him, and he was fairly paid for it. When he did better work—when he "struck for honest fame"—the nation gave him all the honor that he could have desired. With an assured reputation, and with ample means of subsistence, he obtained entrance into the most distinguished society then in England—he was made the friend of England's greatest in the arts and literature—and could have confined himself to that society exclusively, if he had chosen. His temperament, no doubt, exposed him to suffering, and the exquisite sensitiveness of a man of genius may demand our sympathy;

but in far greater measure is our sympathy demanded for the thousands of people who, from illness or nervous excitability, suffer from quite as keen a sensitiveness, without the consolation of the fame that genius brings.

CUNNING STRATAGEMS.—It might not, perhaps, be without its use, if something equivalent to that named below could be enacted upon the raiders on the Rio Grande about these times, and we would especially commend the subject to the conductors on the Union Pacific Railroad. While the French were in Mexico, stage-robberies on the Monterey road became very frequent. The French commander resolved to put a stop to them; and this is how he did it. He dressed up half-a-dozen Zouaves in ladies' attire, and sent them on in the next stage, their faces hidden by veils, their carbines hidden in their petticoats. The stage was stopped; the ladies, without waiting to be invited, left the vehicle, and fell into line with the rest of the passengers. Suddenly a series of reports came from that line, and some dozen robbers lay dead; the rest discreetly disappeared. For a long while afterwards it was only requisite to display a shawl and bonnet conspicuously to secure a free passage for a stage on that route.

And this one may possibly help to quicken

the wits of our Internal Revenue officers, some of whom seem to be peculiarly adapted not to find the game they are ostensibly pursuing. M'Tavish, who rented a small farm in Glentartan, for years carried on his illegal calling of an illicit distiller with complete immunity, though all the time under suspicion. The revenue officers never found any apparatus upon the premises, nor any of the necessary ingredients about the farm. Every nook and cranny of the neighboring hills and dells was rigorously searched again and again without any result save exposing the officers to the taunts of M'Tavish. Where this wonderfully concealed "still" might be, was the question to which no answer was forthcoming. Dwellers in the glen of course had not the faintest notion of its whereabouts. One night an exciseman with two comrades, knocked up the occupants of a farm-house, and demanded a horse and cart in the queen's name, saying he had seized M'Tavish's illicit still with all its contents, and required assistance to carry the whole to headquarters. There was no resisting the demand; horse and cart were soon ready, and a driver too. Getting into the car, with his assistants, the exciseman ordered the man to drive as fast as he could, without telling him where he wanted to be taken. Never dreaming but that the officer had previously discovered and seized the still, the man drove on, and pulled up at the concealed spot. Out jumped the exciseman, the entrance was burst open, and M'Tavish was a prisoner and his bothy emptied of its contents before he could comprehend how the misfortune had befallen him and his secret had been discovered.

HOW THE PYRAMIDS WERE BUILT.—The pyramids are the tombs of the early kings. Perfectly adjusted to the cardinal points of the horizon, they differ in breadth and height as is shown by the measurements of the three oldest, as follows: 1. The Pyramid of Khufu, height 450.75 feet, breadth 746 feet. 2. Pyramid of Khafra, height 447.5 feet, breadth 690.75. 3. Pyramid of Menkara, height 203 feet, breadth 352.78 feet. The construction of these enormous masses has long been an insoluble mystery, but later generations have succeeded in solving the problem. As soon as the king mounted the throne he gave orders to a nobleman, the master of all the buildings

of his land, to plan the tomb and cut the stone. The kernel of the future edifice was raised on the limestone soil of the desert in the form of a small pyramid built in steps, of which the well constructed and finished interior formed the king's eternal dwelling, with his stone sarcophagus lying on the rocky floor. A second covering was added, stone by stone, on the outside of the kernel; a third to this second, and to this even a fourth; and the mass of the giant building grew greater the longer the king enjoyed existence. And then at last, when it became almost impossible to extend the area of the pyramid further, a casing of hard stone, polished like glass, and fitted accurately into the angles of the steps, covered the vast mass of the sepulcher, presenting a gigantic triangle on each of its four faces. More than seventy such pyramids once rose on the margin of the desert, each telling of a king of whom it was at once the tomb and monument. Had not the greater number of these sepulchers of the Pharaohs been destroyed almost to the foundation, and had the names of the builders of these which stand at present been accurately preserved, it would have been easy for the inquirer to prove and make clear by calculation what was originally the proportion between the masses of the pyramids and the years of the reigns of their respective builders.

FARADAY'S THEORY OF LIFE.—The late Professor Faraday, it is stated, adopted the theory that the natural age of man is one hundred years. The duration of life, he believed, to be measured by the time of growth. Thus in the camel, the union takes place at eight years, in the horse at five, in the lion at four, in the dog at two, in the rabbit at one. The natural termination is five removes from these several points. Now, man being twenty years in growing lives five times twenty years, that is, one hundred; the camel is eight years in growing, and lives forty years; and so with other animals. Prof. Faraday divides life into equal halves—growth and decline—and these into infancy, youth, virility, and age; infancy extending to the twentieth year, youth to the fiftieth—because it is in this period the tissues become firm—virility from fifty to seventy-five, during which the organism remains complete, and at seventy-five old age begins.

LITERATURE.

THE science of theology, as to its elements, was finished when the canon of the Scriptures was completed; as to its forms of statement, however, and its relations to prevalent modes of thinking, it is perpetually subject to change. It will therefore continue to be necessary for each age to produce for itself its own systems of theology, each differing in form from its predecessors, and yet retaining their substance without essential modifications. And yet these merely formal changes may very considerably affect the apparent substance of the doctrine, by bringing more prominently into view certain points before kept in the background, and by such new arrangements and combinations of ideas as will give to the whole an aspect quite different from what before appeared. The common expression that very much depends on the *putting* of a subject nowhere else applies with greater fullness and force than in respect to Christian theology, whose substance, though always the same, appears very differently, according to the methods of its statements and the condition of the mind to which it is presented.

It is for these reasons that, first of all, every religious body must have its own theological treatises, and next, that these must be revised and newly cast, at not remote intervals of time. The theology of Wesleyan Methodism was from the first a new variety of the more general species of Protestant doctrine. This was pretty fully enunciated by Wesley and his associates during their active ministries, but not so well digested and formulated. This latter service was afterwards effected by Watson, whose great work still remains a valuable "body of divinity adapted to the [then] present state of theological literature; neither Calvinistic on the one hand, nor Pelagian on the other." The service rendered by that noble work in holding the followers of Wesley to that intermediate line of theological conception has been of inestimable value. And yet, with the lapse of time, and by reason of the changes that have occurred in the condition of theological learning, Watson's "Institutes" have become a somewhat antiquated work, and a thorough re-examination and re-

statement of Wesleyan theology, or evangelical Arminianism, has become a necessity. In answer to this demand we are now pleased to find an altogether satisfactory work from the pen of Dr. William B. Pope—an authority second to no other in British Methodism—and we are more than pleased to observe that this is now made by episcopal action the chief theological authority in our own Methodism. As a thinker and writer Dr. Pope is distinguished for the force and clearness of his conceptions and expressions, and for his very great facility for both analysis and synthesis. His works show him to be unsparring in his industry and severe in his critical acumen. And these qualities are about equally displayed in the collecting and verifying of his matter, and in the arrangement of its subdivisions, the structure of the sentences, and even the choice of its words. A more thoroughly wrought production, simply as a work of philosophical and rhetorical art, than in this noble *Compendium of Christian Theology* is seldom seen. It is quite a contrast to the usual order of hastily thought-out and carelessly made-up treatises, and is evidently the result of a life-time of diligent and painstaking labor.

In its form it conforms to the usual arrangement of works treating of the same subject. The first volume (there are three in all) of which we now more especially write, after a few "preliminaries," discusses first, "The Divine Rule of Faith," including such matters as Revelation, Miracles, Inspiration, and the Canon. Then proceeding to the main subject in hand—theology proper—God, the Divine Person, and Attributes are considered; and afterwards, God in his relations to his creatures, as seen in Creation and Providence. The discussion of these particulars fill up the first volume—456 pages—leaving the examination of the important subject of theology as related to mankind—Theo-anthropology—for the second volume, and the Christian Institutions and Ethics for the third. This arrangement, though not novel, is both comprehensive and philosophical, and can not fail to be satisfactory.

To any who may have kept himself informed

on such matters, it is not necessary to remark that, in Biblical and theological scholarship, Dr. Pope is fully up with the foremost of his class, and he is recognized as such by both English and German scholars. His scholarship is indeed at once deep and broad, and in him are united and fully harmonized an enlarged and rational liberalism with the deepest spiritualism and the most intense evangelism, so constituting him a model Wesleyan scholar. As to the type of his theology, it's eminently Wesleyan and Watsonian, presenting the doctrines of the divine sovereignty side by side with that of human freedom—the universality of the sin of the world and the co-extensiveness of Christ's atonement, which latter is set forth as something *real*—not a *pretense*. According to certain recent out-givings in this country we suppose he will have to be written down as a Calvinist. But his is the *old* Methodist theology, and after having tasted of the *new*, we think "the old is better."

THE floodgates of stories of the South-land seem to be again opened, and the pent-up stream of mixed romance and horrors, with pretty even proportions of comedy and tragedy, flows out upon us with a volume apparently all the greater because of its protracted suspension. Judge Tourgee's two Southern stories appear to have struck the public mind as scarcely any thing else has done since the days of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." And there now comes to hand almost simultaneously, though evidently quite independently, another Southern story,* at once like and unlike to those. It is a moderate sized duodecimo, fairly, though not artistically written in the form of a personal narrative of a year's adventure in cotton - planting on a Mississippi plantation, soon after the close of the war, by two or three ex-Union soldiers. The enterprise seems to have been undertaken in good faith, and with the honest and honorable purpose to deal fairly with every one ; to live on friendly terms with the Southern people, to benefit all classes of the people in the way of business and society, and to make money by raising cotton. The result is expressed in the single word "Wreck," which any looker-on can easily see was doubly inev-

itable, because the adventurers proceeded without "reckoning with their hosts." Had they planned however wisely, and executed their plans however efficiently, without taking into the account the character of the people among whom they came—their brutality, malignity, and intense prejudices at once against "free-niggers" and "Yankees"—failure from that cause alone was insured in advance. On the other hand, quite independent of the bad treatment awarded by the "chivalry," there were mistakes enough in the plans and proceedings of the adventurers to have insured disaster among the best possible surroundings. Though the experiences related are of the bitterest, yet the writer retains his equanimity most commendably, contenting himself with daguerreotyping Southern life and manners, and so illustrating Southern character, without any commentary added to his own text. His sketches of the Southern blacks, and especially their religious (?) exercises, and the utter alienation of all notions of morality from their religious ideas, are at once grotesque and sickening. Altogether the reading of the book is not especially pleasant, not, however, for any lack of literary ability or dramatic power, but from the display that it gives of human depravity, and of a state of society the most unwholesome, and affording the least possible hope of future redemption. After reading this story one will be ready to believe that it is not necessary to go either to India or Africa to find savages and heathen that need to be taught and tamed and redeemed. And these are Americans, our own fellow-citizens, and at our own doors.

THE names of both the subject and the author of the *Early History of Charles James Fox*, by George Otto Trevelyan, M. P.,* will be, together, as either would have been separately, a pledge of the success of that work. Fox occupied a conspicuous place in England at a peculiar stage of the affairs of that kingdom, and his own history became that of his country also. The writer has seized upon the times as well as the personal history of the man, and reproduced from them a photograph of

*A YEAR OF WRECK : A True Story. By A Victim. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pp. 472.

*THE EARLY HISTORY OF CHARLES JAMES FOX. By George Otto Trevelyan, M. P., author of "Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay." New York: Harper & Bros. Octavo. Pp. 470.

the England of a hundred years ago, which, as is often the case with photographs, is not especially flattering, because it is so true to the life. Good and wise people, who are sometimes nowadays disheartened by the prevalence of corrupt manners and actions in both high and low life, may here find the poor consolation of knowing that things are now no worse than they were in the good old days—"of simplicity and honor," nor, indeed, half so bad. The political and social questions which this volume illustrates may be studied to advantage at the present time; not, indeed, for imitation, so much as for warning, or for instruction as experiments, by which the folly of bad statesmanship may be seen. It is a good book to study, and it may also be read as a pleasant (?) bit of gossip. Of course it is a piece of really good writing.

REV. E. P. ROE is certainly, in at least one important sense, among the most successful of authors. If, indeed, as some have dared to say, he is not specially blessed by the muses, that want has been very abundantly compensated by the favors of the golden god—Plutus. Within the past ten years he has produced nearly an equal number of books—of the semi-religious novel variety—every one of which has been eminently successful on the business side, aggregating a sale of more than two hundred thousand copies. In the presence of such facts criticism is put to shame, and compelled to keep silence. His latest* is just now out; and it is likely to run a like course with all its predecessors, and to prove a "good thing" for both its author and publishers. We have read some of these books, and perhaps by confessing that we have failed to find any special excellence in them we only record our own lack of appreciation. We are happy in the thought, however, that they are not positively bad, nor likely to be hurtful.

EDWARD EGGLESTON, whose name needs neither an affix nor a suffix, though compelled by ill health to cease from nearly all kinds of mental labor, and to go abroad to keep out of temptation towards the objects of his proclivities, it appears has not been totally abstinent

from all literary occupations. A new volume of the series of *Famous American Indians* (of which, if we recollect rightly, his brother has been the principal author) is before us, from the press of Dodd, Mead, & Co., bearing his name on its title-page together with that of his gifted daughter, Mrs. Seelye. It has for its "Indian" *Montezuma*;* and the book is itself simply the story of the conquest of Mexico told over again, without any special or important additions or corrections, as compared with older accounts of the same transactions. It was a rather bold adventure to attempt to picture anew the scenes which the pen of a Prescott has so graphically portrayed. But Mr. Eggleston is himself an artist, and his picture is his own, and not merely a copy or imitation. The book is very readable, and of intrinsic value.

HARPER & BROTHERS continue to bring out in rapid succession new editions of their standard English classics—historical, critical, and miscellaneous. In this way they have given to the public within the past year or two new editions of their chief historical works which, as is well known, comprise most of the standard histories, mediæval and modern, and by both English and American writers. They now bring us a work of equal value, though in a somewhat different department of literature—*The Miscellaneous Works of Lord Macaulay*, edited by his sister, Lady Trevelyan, in five superb octavo volumes. These are made up of the author's well-known productions, chiefly in the form of reviews and essays—the very works that won for him his great reputation as a writer, and, indeed, laid the foundation for his wonderfully successful career in his later life. These have been carefully and skillfully edited, and now appear in the dress and finish in which they must go down to posterity. The style in which all these books are brought out is one of complete faultlessness of paper, type, and press-work, but without any special ornamentation. They are bound up in plain cloth, and without gold edges, the whole apparently designed for honest use, neat but not embellished; or,

*A DAY OF FATE. By Rev. E. P. Roe, Author of "A Face Illuminated," etc. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 12mo. Pp. 450.

*FAMOUS AMERICAN INDIANS: Montezuma, and the Conquest of Mexico. By Edward Eggleston and Lillie Eggleston Seelye. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 12mo. Pp. 385.

if any one shall desire to have finer exteriors, then they may be bound to order, as each one's taste shall dictate. And the very moderate rate at which these are now sold will allow them to be so rebound without raising their price to a severely high figure. We know of no books better suited to ornament and enrich the private library than those thus produced by the great Franklin Square publishers, all of which can be recommended without misgivings or mental reservations.

A good many people have read with a lively interest Mr. A. A. Hays's *Colorado* articles in Harper's magazine, and of these not a few will be pleased to learn that they have been collected together and re-edited by the author, and, with one or two other papers on the same subject, made into a volume, which the Harpers have brought out in their usual excellent style, in a quarto of two hundred pages, liberally illustrated. Such is the interest now being awakened in the youngest sister of our family of States that such a book as this must be in demand by any who may desire to be fairly posted in respect to the facts and fictions of that wonderful country. Mr. Hays's opportunities for a thorough acquaintance with the land and its inhabitants have been of the best, and his narratives and facts will be found both trustworthy and entertaining.

MRS. MARY S. ROBINSON (a name not unknown to our readers), has written a three volume "Household Story" of the Great American Conflict, in which the whole history of that wonderful chapter of "human events" is pretty fully detailed, and we have reason to believe accurately, though, of course, in a condensed form. The form of a personal narrative gives increased life and interest to the sketches, and the same is also promoted by the writer's style of writing and method of grouping the complicated subjects in hand. The work can not fail to please, and especially to profit all young persons into whose hands it may come. It will, no doubt, be much called for as a holiday present or reward, and it is deserving of such a use.

*THE AMERICAN CONFLICT: A Household Story. Narrated in Three Volumes. By Mary S. Robinson. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Cincinnati: Walden & Stowe. 18mo. Pp. 275, 291, 194. In a Box.

IT is a difficult matter to bring a great and complex subject within the range of vision of minds that are not prepared to understand its elements; and this is done when the science of astronomy is attempted to be adapted to the apprehension of ordinary readers. An attempt of this kind is made by the author of a duodecimo volume,* recently issued by the Carters. Every thing requiring mathematical demonstrations is avoided, though many facts are stated which were first ascertained by mathematical processes. There are also many facts and forms of language, and words and names that belong to astronomy the meaning of which may be learned without any such elaborate methods. These the writer uses to good advantage, and so has made a book at once intelligible to ordinary readers, and yet brimful of valuable and interesting information.

THE same publishers send us a little book of a hundred pages, *Little Faith, or the Child of the Toy Stall*, containing a scrap of the "short and simple annals of the poor."

THE history of Church building in the Middle Ages is in fact the history of art in Europe from the tenth to the fourteenth century. What little of culture survived the fall of the Western Empire was absorbed into the Church, and art became altogether ecclesiastical. This somewhat obscure but deeply interesting subject has recently attracted a good share of attention, and we have at hand as a result of this newly awakened zeal a decidedly clever and appreciative work † on the subject from the pen of one who has pursued the theme for the simple love of it. In his first chapter of nearly forty pages, the author sketches rapidly the condition of art generally, and of ecclesiastical architecture specially, during that dark era; and then in successive chapters gives the story of St. Mark's at Venice, of "Our Lady of the Assumption" at Siena, and of "St. Mary of the Flower" at Florence, using these as representative specimens of the best condition of the art at the times of their building. Of the correctness of the artistic descriptions

*SUN, MOON, AND STARS: A Book for Beginners. By Agnes Glibern. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

†HISTORICAL STUDIES OF CHURCH BUILDING IN THE MIDDLE AGES—Venice, Siena, Florence. By Charles Eliot Norton. New York: Harper & Brothers. Octavo. Pp. 381.

and criticisms we would not attempt to judge; but we are quite ready to concede high praise to the book as a literary production, which certainly succeeds in so finely investing its subject with a pleasing halo, that even our laic imagination can somewhat appreciate its subject-matter. To those who are adept in such matters it can not fail to be a work of real interest.

HARPER'S *Franklin Square Library* grows space, still adding to its list some works of sterling merit, and some novels of various merits and demerits—all at marvelously small prices. Among the latest are (138) *The Mud-fog Papers*, by Charles Dickens. (139) *Lord Brackenbury*, by Amelia B. Edwards. (140) *Memoir of Rev. Sydney Smith*, by Lady Holland. (141) *Just as I Am—a Novel*—by M. E. Braddon. (142) *A Sailor's Sweetheart*, by W. Clark Russell. (143) *English Men of Letters*, by John Morley—*Burns, Goldsmith, Bunyan*.

THE latest to appear thus far of Professor John Morley's "English Men of Letters" is *Lord Byron*, by John Nichol. It is ably written; appreciative, but not flattering; and dealing fairly with its subject's great excellencies as a poet, and his faults and foibles as a man. 12mo. Pp. 212.

A YEAR ago, among the holiday books issued by the Harpers, was one of much more than a merely holiday character, or rather combining with that character an unusual amount of matter of perennial value, "*The Boy Travelers in Japan and China*." The success of that work has encouraged its author to try his hand a second time in the same line, and as the result we have *The Boy Travelers in Siam and Java*,† which seems to be almost completely a duplicate of its predecessor, as to its form and style, though, of course, entirely another, as its subject is wholly different. Mr. Thomas W. Knox was somewhat known in literature before the appearance of these volumes as the author of "*Camp-fire and Cotton-field*," "*Overland through Asia*," and

other popular works, but in these he has evidently fallen upon a line of writing for which both his personal knowledge and his methods of writing especially adapt him. While, on account of their romantic style of adventures and story-telling, his books may be classed with "*Gulliver*" and "*Robinson Crusoe*," in the clearness and trustworthiness of their narratives and descriptions, they are the equals of the best class of modern books of travels, and so they succeed most admirably in uniting both amusement and instruction. The publishers have done their part to make the book (like its older brother) in its dress and exterior, a suitable holiday publication.

THE coming of the holidays is indicated in the book trade, much as the approach of the Summer is heralded in the gardens and orchards by the opening of the buds and the display of the blossoms. A few of the books for the season are already received before our number for the Christmas month is completed, though it is yet too soon for the great body of them to appear. In this department our friends on Franklin Square, as in every thing else, do things on a large scale, and many of their holiday publications are books of permanent value and respectable size. In addition to Mr. Knox's, "*Boy Travelers*," part second, before noticed, they now give us Carleton's *Old Times in the Colonies*,* which is of the same family with his "*The Boys of '76*" and "*The Story of Liberty*," with which it is nearly related in respect to both matter and make-up. It is, in fact, the colonial history of the country, but the story is so told as to read like a romance, and so to allure young readers to its perusal by its vivacious and life-like sketches of men and affairs. This is a holiday book that will last all the year, and will be in season all the time.

Or the same general character and purport with the above, though not attempting so high a key nor dealing with such grave matters, is Mr. Alden's *Moral Pirates*,† which some may have seen in another form. It is the story of a vacation boat cruise, by four boys, in a row-

**THE BOY TRAVELERS IN THE FAR EAST, PART SECOND.* Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey to Siam and Java; with Descriptions of Cochin-China, Cambodia, Sumatra, and the Malay Archipelago. By Thomas W. Knox, Author of "*Underground*," "*John*," etc. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. Pp. 446.

—*OLD TIMES IN THE COLONIES.* By Charles Carleton Coffin, Author of "*The Boys of '76*," etc. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. Pp. 460.

†*THE MORAL PIRATES.* By W. L. Alden. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo. Pp. 148.

boat up the Hudson River and among the fields and woods, and swamps and lakes of the north country, with a pretty high seasoning of encounters, adventures, and escapes, uniformly coming out well, as all such stories should do.

THAT must be a rather strangely assorted domicile, somewhere away in the Rocky Mountains, where General Lew Wallace has his ranch, and is by turns, and all at once, ranchman and lieutenant-governor and writer of romances, in which last occupation his accomplished wife is his associate, perhaps his rival, and if so, not a contemptible one, to whom also he dedicates his last volume. *Ben Hur** is a fiction of that very old class which attempts to reproduce in the form of a continuous narrative, the scenes and deeds of distant historical times. The second title of the book "A Tale of the Christ," indicates somewhat the subject, and may suggest the date as to both time and place. Its characters are Romans and Jews and men from "the sun rising," and the warp and woof of the story is made up of events that are supposed to have occurred in very early Christian times. It is a very well executed work of art.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT, poet, journalist, citizen, and friend, lived long enough to largely harvest the fruitage of his life's sowing, and now that he has departed, there is an almost absolute unanimity in the volume of his enology. The last, as yet received, of the tributes to his memory is a sketch of his life and character by Mr. A. J. Symington,† of Glasgow, who will be recognized as the author of "Samuel Lover" and "Thomas Moore," in Professor Morley's series of "Men of Letters," now in process of publication. The work is highly but not blindly appreciative in respect to both the literary and the personal character of its subject, and the writer, while offering just honors to an illustrious name, has at the same time brought honor to both his own head and heart.

* *BEN HUR, A Tale of the Christ.* By Lew Wallace, Author of the "Fair God." New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 552.

† *WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, A Biographical Sketch, with Selections from his Poems and other Writings.* By Andrew James Symington, F. R. S. N. A., etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 18mo. Pp. 256.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM J. ROLFE brings us still another of his Shakespearian studies, having this time for his subject *King Lear*, which is indeed among the ablest, though not the equal of some others, of Shakespeare's tragedies. Besides the text, which is made up with equal care and learning, there is an elaborate "Introduction," made up of a "History of the Play and Sources of its Plot," by the editor, and selected critical comments by Coleridge, Hazlitt, Schlegel and others; and an appendix, of learned note, extending to over a hundred pages. Students of Shakespeare will greatly value this whole series, and not the least this number.

THE latest issue of John Morley's "English Men of Letters" (Harper & Brothers) is *John Locke*, by Professor Thomas Fowler, of Oxford. As the volumes of this series are designed to cover as nearly as may be two hundred pages, this one, with rare exactness, precisely fills that measure, and yet it gives a satisfactory sketch of its celebrated subject.

JUSTIN McCARTHY's first volume of *Our Own Times** occupied twenty-nine chapters, and came down to the middle of the current century. The second volume (chapter xxx) opens with a variety of public affairs, domestic and foreign, with the names of English statesmen, with which every American newspaper reader is familiar, as the principal figures in the drama. Soon comes the "Sepoy" Rebellion; Orsini's attempted assassination of Napoleon III; the French Treaty; American Civil War; Reform Agitation; Fenians; the Irish Church; Conservative Reaction; Congress of Berlin,—and all ending pleasantly, as good novels usually do, with the anti-climax of imperialism, that is, the fall of Beaconsfield. It is a lively book, and full of information without

R. WORTHINGTON (770 Broadway, N. Y.) make a specialty of children's holiday books, in which department they are constantly adding to their already large and valuable catalogue. They have brought out this year *Chatterbox Junior*, just like its predecessor of a year ago, and yet altogether another thing.

* *A HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES.* From the accession of Queen Victoria to the general election of 1880. By Justin McCarthy, Author of *My Enemy's Daughter*, etc. In two volumes. Volume II. 12mo. Pp. 682.

And along side of this comes also the *Sunday Chatterbox*, another member of the same family, but differentiated by being religiously inclined. Both of these are demi-quartos, printed in large letters and profusely illustrated, with their reading matter unexceptionally good, and such as children will "take to." Of like character, though somewhat smaller, are, *What Rose Did* and *Trot's Journey—Pictures and Rhymes*. Rose is shown to have done a great many things, some good, and some not so good; and Trot, with her little brother, made a famous journey, properly seasoned with adventures.

Scribner's Monthly has by steady and persistent efforts, directed with rare good judgment, and liberally reinforced by the use of money, won for itself a very high place in the magazine literature of the country, leaving but a single successful rival (*Harper's*) and that in a slightly different field; and Europe has nothing approaching it, in its purely literary qualities or in the character of its illustrations, and its truly artistic make-up, generally. The causes of its success are patent, and its prosperity is deserved because it has been earned.

The Methodist, having run a course of twenty years, with some changes in its form and features, now enters upon its majority with still other changes in its editorial corps, with the declared design that, without being the advocate or champion of any specialty, it will seek to become (or continue to be, in a still larger degree), a first-class religious and literary newspaper, specifically but not narrowly Methodistic, in full sympathy with the progressive spirit of the age, radical in its advocacy of the right, and yet carefully conservative of all that has been tried and found to be good. It promises to employ the best talent in the Church and the country in order to deserve as well as win the public favor.

Over the Way is the title of a new book for Sunday-school libraries just issued by the National Temperance Society, written by Mrs. H. J. Moore. A short, simple temperance story, and very well told. In the same volume is also bound up another short story, entitled *Brave: A Story of Gospel Temperance*, written by Mrs. T. H. Griffith. 12mo. 213 pages.

Price \$1. Address J. N. Stearns, publishing agent, 58 Rende Street, New York.

"*EMMA LESLIE*" is a prolific book-wright, and on the whole her books are fairly above the average of writers of her class. Of her works we can repeat the titles of more than half a dozen, beyond which there may be as many more that we fail to remember. She evidently has a penchant for Church History, and especially for the earliest times, and her stories are generally placed somewhere within the precincts of the early Christian ages. But now she appears as the delineator of later scenes and events. *Walter** is a personal sketch (probably fictitious, but very truthful as a picture of realities) of a young Englishman in the times of Wesley, who became himself a convert to that sect then "every-where spoken against." It has something of the style of the Schonberg-Cotta books, but not quite the equal of some of them.

Saxby,† is a New England story of the times when Puritanism was a living reality, and the transatlantic colonies were still attached to the mother country. It is an attempt, and not an altogether unsuccessful one, to reproduce the scenes and events of those times in the form of a personal narrative. It can not fail to afford interest, especially to young readers.

AMY'S PROBATION,‡ by the same author, is the story of a young girl, who is supposed to have passed "six months at a convent school." It is certainly well calculated to answer with a stern negative the question, "Shall Protestant Girls be sent to Roman Catholic Schools?" The narrative is vivacious and the style very pleasing.

The Italian Principia, Part I. A First Italian Course, containing Grammar, Delectus, and Exercise Book with Vocabularies; on the plan of Dr. William Smith's "*Principia Latina*." Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 221.

**WALTER: A Tale of the Times of Wesley.* By Emma Leslie, Author of "*Conrad*," etc. 12mo. Pp. 364. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Cincinnati: Walden & Stowe.

†*SAXBY: A Tale of Old and New England.* By Emma Leslie, Author of "*Ayesha*," etc. 12mo. Pp. 314. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Cincinnati: Walden & Stowe.

‡*AMY'S PROBATION; or, Six Months at a Convent School.* By the Author of "*Glaucia*," etc. 18mo. Pp. 251. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Cincinnati: Walden & Stowe.

THE Wide-Awake, which does not belie its name, is among the best of its class of young people's monthlies. Exceedingly vivacious, yet not puerile or trifling, aiming to be useful quite as much as amusing, and, indeed, very happily uniting the two purposes; and relying for success upon its matter rather than its adornment (which, however, is not entirely wanting) it is such a work as may be wisely admitted to the household of the most careful and scrupulous. Subscriptions for this magazine will be received by the agents, Walden & Stowe, at Cincinnati and Chicago.

THE St. Nicholas, from Scribner & Co., is not only the very first of Juvenile monthlies—it is, indeed, without a rival or competitor,

the next in the line, consenting to stand third or fourth below it. It is a most elaborately prepared work, and we do not wonder that "the children cry after it," and that they are always reluctant to seem to have outgrown it. The bound volumes make a splendid library for the little folks.

THE Youth's Companion is a veteran, if reckoned by its years; but evidently time takes nothing away from it, but rather it still has "the dew of its youth" upon it. Its programme for the next volume is full of good promises, which its history renders very certain to be scrupulously fulfilled. The youth who may make it a companion, will find it to be good and profitable company.

EX CATHEDRA.

A VALEDICTION.

"**TIME**, which puts an end to all human pleasures and sorrows, has likewise concluded the labors of the **NATIONAL REPOSITORY**. Having supported for four years the anxious employment of a periodical writer and editor, and multiplied my productions to a great mass, I am now about to desist." These words with only the change of a name and of a few details necessary to make it suitable to our case, make up the opening paragraph of the last number of the *Rambler*, which was the farewell to the public in that character of the renowned Dr. Samuel Johnson. A similar epoch has come to this writer and to the periodical of which he has had the editorial oversight and direction for the last four years; and with feelings apparently not unlike those experienced by the great English *littérateur* and moralist, we, too, announce the termination of our labors upon the publication which has so long occupied our thoughts and commanded our efforts.

The next brief paragraph to that above quoted of the great *censor morum*, though a little too severe for our use, is nevertheless along the line of our sentiments, and so we venture to give it as, at best, suggestive:

"The reason for this resolution it is of little importance to the public to declare, since justification is unnecessary, when no objection

is made. I am far from supposing that the cessation of my performances will raise any [great amount of] inquiry, for I have never been much of a favorite with the public, nor can boast that in the progress of my undertaking I have been animated by the reward of the liberal, the caresses of the great, or the praises of the eminent."

Though we have no doubt that our favored magazine dies quietly and that its demise will not create any considerable chasm in the world of letters, yet it seems to be due to certain parties to recognize their kindness, and to confess that our labors have been most effectually animated by words of commendation spoken by some of those whose good opinions we most value. Even some whom we esteem as "eminent," have not failed to cheer and encourage our labors with decided, however undeserved, praises, which were none the less acceptable because they originated in the partiality of their authors.

A demise that comes only after it had been long expected is not apt to occasion any very lively sorrow; and since to us the closing of the career of the **NATIONAL** is neither a surprise nor, in view of the conditions of its career, a matter for regret, we accept the inevitable calmly. When the decree came forth from the supreme authority that it should die, we found no good reason to allege

why the sentence should not be executed. Indeed, it had been all along our opinion that with the policy pursued, it was not wise to attempt to continue such a publication; for we very well knew that its ideal could not be realized with the means and appliances allowed to be used in its production. The Scriptural figure of "bricks without straw," was entirely too nearly realized to permit the hope of the success of the enterprise, "For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it, and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it."

The review of our personal connection with the now moribund NATIONAL REPOSITORY is at once pleasant and unsatisfactory. Our appointment to its management was neither sought nor desired, and yet because of the peculiar circumstances among which it was forced upon us, we did not feel at liberty to premtorily decline the position. Our notions as to what such a magazine should be made, with its probable cost, and its not immediate growth up to a self-sustaining condition, had been pretty fully stated just before the election (which was wholly unexpected) occurred, and our election, in the circumstances, seemed to be an unmistakable indorsement of our views by the General Conference; and agreeable to that idea a commission was appointed at the same time to determine what should be the character and "scope" of the magazine. The action of that commission seemed also to be in harmony with our views as expressed in the General Conference, but the effectual carrying out of the plans devised belonged to the publishers and their official advisers, the Book Committee. We do not call in question either the fidelity or the wisdom of these conscientious officials. They, no doubt, acted in good faith, and according to their own best judgment, and as they did not agree with our opinions, they adopted other measures, and the result has proved as was virtually predicted. Evidently the public expected an improved order of things with the new *régime*, and a highly encouraging advance in the subscription followed; but as the expected improvements were only partially made, it fell off again, and final failure was manifestly assured.

Our remembrance of this part of the past is not agreeable. Failure in any thing with

which one may be personally connected is not pleasant, and in this case it is the more grievous because it compels the confession that there may be some things to which we are not equal. But, on the other hand, we have the poor satisfaction of being able to say that we "said so" in advance, and we are still at liberty to believe that had the measures that we indicated been adopted, the now realized failure would have been avoided.

But in reviewing our own work for these four years we are by no means disposed to speak of it as a failure. We have been enabled to give to our readers nearly five thousand pages of literary matter of real and substantial value, by which we can not doubt a great many persons have been permanently benefited. And if properly bound up for future reference, those eight superb volumes will be worthy of a place on the shelves of any family library, for the instruction and amusement of the young, and the pleasure and profit of the more advanced in years. Recurring to our friend the *Rambler* once more we may still further appropriate his words with but very slight modifications to suit our different circumstances.

"I am willing to flatter myself with hopes that by presenting these pages to the public, I have not been preparing for my future life either shame or repentance. That all things in them are happily imagined or accurately polished, that the same sentiments have not sometimes recurred, or the same expressions been too frequently repeated, I have not confidence in my abilities sufficient to warrant.

"Whatever shall be the final sentence, I have, at least, endeavored to deserve approval. I have labored to use our mother-tongue with grammatical purity, and without colloquial barbarisms, licentious idioms, or irregular combinations.

"It has been my steady design to inculcate wisdom and piety. I have allotted few papers to the idle sports of the imagination. Some, perhaps, may be found whose highest excellence is harmless amusement; but this, instead of being a fault, is really a cause for commendation, since scarcely any one is so steadily serious as to require only the severity of dictatorial instruction.

"The specifically religious papers, if I have been able to execute my own intentions, will

be found to conform to the spirit and precepts of the New Testament, without conforming to either the skepticism or the levity of the times. I look back upon this part of my work with a pleasure of which no blame or faint praise shall deprive me. My highest ambition as a writer has been to give ardor to virtue, and confidence to truth;" and, therefore, I can confidently submit my productions to whatever fate may await them, content that I have the approval of God and of my own conscience.

But there is one fact connected with the discontinuance of our monthly that is quite the opposite of satisfactory. The Methodist Episcopal Church, whose property it is, and under whose auspices it has been conducted and published, has systematically undertaken to supply reading matter to its people, and by that policy it has naturally discouraged the same work by private enterprise. And now it entirely abandons the whole field of magazine literature, at the very time when that species is especially in demand, and when the monthly magazine has become a great power in the development and directing of the ruling ideas of the age. At a time when its own people are reading more of that class of literature than ever before, and when it in return, is more than ever before fashioning their minds and characters, the Church compels them to seek their mental and spiritual aliment from the fashionable folly, the secular, and the learned skepticism of the non-religious press. To us this seems to be a terrible dereliction of duty—a shirking, through either parsimony or lack of business efficiency, and with a fearful

disregard of an assumed obligation, of the most sacred and responsible character. The expediency and advisability of a Church press is not with us an open question. It has been practically determined that the Church, in its aggregate action, shall prepare and publish for its own people the needed religious and family papers and books, and by its official action it has made it difficult for any other parties to do that much needed work; and now, having effectually suppressed private enterprise in that matter, it retires from one of its most important fields, and gives it up to be occupied by the world, the flesh, and the devil. While, therefore, personally we descend from our tripod without regret, and, indeed, with feelings of relief, we are ashamed of our Church for its lack of zeal and enterprise in this highly important department of its self-assumed work, and we are pained for our people who are so abandoned.

And now, since we are no more to speak in our present place, "Ex Cathedra," we bid to all, who, unknown personally, have been of our silent audience, a final *valete*, and with a deep sense of relief adopt the language with which Dr. Adam Clarke closes his great commentary :

"Like travelers when they view their native soil,
Writers rejoice to terminate their toil."

And mindful of the solemn fact that men's works live after their performance, and that they follow their authors to the judgment, we again appropriate from the "Rambler" its final aspiration :

"Celestial Powers, who piety regard,
From you my labors wait their last reward."

A WORD FROM THE PUBLISHERS.

THIS, by order of the General Conference, being the last number of the NATIONAL REPOSITORY, it will be deemed proper for the Publishers to make a closing statement. For nearly forty years the Agents of the Western Methodist Book Concern have been charged with the publication of a magazine designed to meet a want in the Church. Its career has frequently been characterized as honorable—a gratifying fact, yet one that would be more satisfactory if that career was not cut short by

a necessity that can hardly be made to appear creditable to the Church which has led in the field of religious and denominational publications—whatever may be the proximate and remote causes of the failure.

It was in keeping with the history and work of Methodism that this magazine should have been projected to promote the literary and spiritual interests of woman. The Church that was quick to give her women a voice in all social religious meetings, ought to have

been, as it was, first in planning for her education by the press and in the higher institutions of learning. That the oldest chartered college for women in our country and the oldest religious and literary magazine for women should have been established by the Methodist Church in the same city and almost in the same year, is a sequence of earlier Methodist faith and usage worthy of mention if not of study.

The scope of the *Ladies' Repository* was naturally and gradually enlarged, faithful to its primary purpose, yet incorporating artistic and literary features that made it serviceable to all the members of the home. That there was a place for such a magazine in the Church, and that it was well adapted to that place, for years, is seen in the fact that it reached a circulation of from thirty-five to forty thousand copies at a time when the number of members in the Church was little more than one-half what that number now is.

For a quarter of a century the magazine steadily grew in favor—or, at least, in circulation—and during that period there was at no one time any marked change in its character, but successive adaptations to the developing field it occupied. These adaptations were then possible, as those who were elected to edit and publish the magazine were at liberty to pursue the course which the circumstances seemed to warrant or require. The two things may not stand in the relation of cause and effect, but the somewhat radical changes directed at two different periods in later years have each been followed by a rapid decline in circulation. The changes were designed to make the *REPOSITORY* a competitor in the field of illustrated literary magazines. It is now obvious that such a magazine was not needed. It is proper to say that the ratio between the subscription price of the magazine and the amount expended by the publishers for editing and illustrating it has been much greater since these changes than it was when the circulation indicated its greatest popularity and widest usefulness.

Many who regret the fate of the *REPOSITORY*, and are chagrined by its failure, will question whether the policy of adaptation that gave it wide success would not have maintained it. Those who choose to pursue the thought will

be led to the conclusion that such a course would have given to the Church by this time a thoroughly Methodist magazine—a carefully conducted organ, representing every great connectional interest—and one especially in which woman's work in the Church, at home and abroad, would have a prominent and fitting recognition. This would have been the wise and proper development of the *Ladies' Repository*, and no doubt would have maintained for it its strong hold on the thought and warm place in the heart of the Church.

It is the province of the Book Concern to furnish literature in any form that is required for the spiritual culture of the Church, whether to be used in the home, Sunday-school, or study; but it does not follow that the capital of the Book Concern can be either profitably or properly employed in the production of such a magazine as would successfully contest the field with the illustrated literary monthlies of our day. Success in this field, at the present time, with a magazine bearing a denominational *imprimatur* is not possible without an expenditure of tenfold the amount to which the Publishers of the *NATIONAL REPOSITORY* have been prudently limited by the Book Committee. Few would approve the hazardous outlay of so much capital in such an enterprise, when a denominational magazine, without pretentious display, would better serve the interests and meet the wants of the Church.

When the General Conference shall order the publication of a Methodist magazine to meet the obvious wants of connectional and episcopal Methodism the people will hail its appearance, and if found to be adapted to ends for which such a periodical may be properly maintained they will give it a hearty support. The Church has learned, at great cost to the Book Concern, that a magazine (and this may be said of every agency) to do Methodistic work depends for its success, not upon conformity to what is successful in other hands, but upon being wisely, and if need be solely, adapted to the field of Methodism. That which was not needed is now put away, and this may prove to be the most direct way to reach that which is needed, both by the people and the connectional movements of Methodism.

THE PUBLISHERS.



NEW SERIES.

VOL. 3. No. 6.

WHOLE NUMBER

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BIOGRAPHIES AND TRAVELS,
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NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

DANIEL CURRY, D. D., LL. D., EDITOR.

DECEMBER, 1880.

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SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

It is said on good authority that, in the past year, the edition of *Scribner's Monthly* has leaped up from about 95,000 copies to 125,000, while there has been also a very remarkable advance in the English edition, notwithstanding the unexampled commercial depression in England. The English publisher now finds a ready sale for 12,000 copies every month. The rapid growth of this magazine since its foundation ten years ago, and particularly its tremendous strides toward the very first place during the past year or two, and its remarkable popularity abroad, pique the curiosity of the observer. What is it that makes *Scribner's Monthly* so successful?

No doubt, much of its popularity is due to the admirable business tact evinced in the management. That which conquers the world must have at least one Bonaparte behind it. But the first element of publishing tact is to understand that substantial and permanent success depends on the quality of that which is published. A good magazine may fail for want of a skillful business management, but no management can make a poor one substantially successful.

It was Lord Lytton, the novelist, if we mistake not, who begged in an after-dinner speech the privilege of coining a word to express the converse of antiquity. He proposed "modernity." It seems to us that this word precisely expresses the great charm of *Scribner's Monthly*. Its modernity is something quite out of the or-

dinary. A magazine after many years is apt to be bound by its traditions—to do things merely because it has done them. *Scribner's* is vital and youthful—it feels the keenest and quickest sympathy with the swift-moving thought and life about us. It is a "magazine for the people," as its title imports, because it is a magazine of the people, interested in all that the people care for.

Its literature, as literature, is of the highest class; the most eminent of the young and active generation of authors either have grown up under its auspices, or constantly seek its columns. But a purely literary magazine could not have reached this world-wide popularity. Modern life is remarkable, we say again, for its "modernity," and one of the chief features of "modernity" is many-sidedness. To win the leading place in popular support, a magazine must needs be as many-sided as modern life itself, and this the conductors of *Scribner's Monthly* appear to have kept steadily in view. During 1881 there will be papers on art-American, Parisian, English, Russian, and Dutch art, with sketches by some of the most celebrated artists of the world. There will be novelettes by Mrs. Burnett, the author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's;" G. W. Cable, author of "The Grandissimes," and other writers. There will be literary essays by E. C. Stedman, R. H. Dana, Edward Eggleston, H. H. Boyesen, Clarence Cook, H. H. Sidney Lanier, R. H. Stoddard, and many others.





THE SUCCESS OF Scribner's Monthly

"SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY is one of the marvels of the day."—ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

It has been said by a distinguished critic, "To him who will understand the drift of his own time, and to him who will enjoy himself in his time, *Scribner's* is simply indispensable. It would be a wonder if it were not the rage." Both at home and abroad the magazine is recognized as unsurpassed in its literary character, and unequalled in art-work. The *Buffalo Courier* gave voice to the general sentiment of the press when it said: "Scribner is, beyond question, the most superb example of what can be done in the line of magazine-making that has ever appeared in this or any other country." The *London Illustrated Penny Paper* declares: "In the production of illustrated monthly magazines New York is far ahead of London; *Scribner's*, with its infinitely finished gems of drawing and engraving, being still the wonder and admiration of the art-world."

It is the only American periodical that has established a large circulation in England—its regular monthly edition in that country being now from 12,000 to 15,000. The growing popularity of *Scribner's* has been strongly evidenced by the sales of the year past. The number of copies printed in each month of 1879 was from 90,000 to 103,000; since January, 1880, the average monthly edition has been 115,000. Of the November number the edition is 125,000 copies. With this issue it enters upon its second decade, and begins the work of winning its second hundred thousand subscribers.

TWO NOTABLE OFFERS,

In connection with a subscription to SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for 1881.

The publication in *Scribner's Monthly* of Eugene Schuyler's illustrated, historical serial, "Peter the Great," has been pronounced by the *New York Evening Post* "the most notable event in modern magazine literature." The First Part of the history, covering the early life of Peter, was finished in the October number of the magazine. With the present (November) issue begins Part II, "Peter the Great as Ruler and Reformer," which in point of popular interest and in wealth of illustration will be an advance upon the Part already published. To enable new subscribers to secure Part I, the publishers make the following special offers to new subscribers, beginning with November, 1880:

Twenty-one Numbers of Scribner's for \$5.00.

For \$5.00, *Scribner's Monthly* for the coming year, beginning with November, and the previous nine numbers, February to October, 1880.

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During the coming year, besides the short stories in each number, novlettes will appear by several of the best American story-writers, such as, "Madame Delphine," by George W. Cable, author of "The Grandissimes," and "Old Creole Days;" a capital novelette by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's;" "Toinette's Governess," by Kate Putnam Osgood. In addition to these, and other short serial stories, a Novel of New York Life may be expected from an accomplished writer; and Mrs. Burnett has also a longer novel in preparation for *Scribner*.

There will be papers on American, Parisian, London, Dutch, and Russian Art, illustrated by the greatest living artists. There will be Literary, Biographical, and other essays and sketches; papers on Sanitary Science; Descriptive Articles, and Articles of Travel, by John Muir, Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming, sister of the distinguished explorer, and others. These announcements by no means include all the papers in preparation for *Scribner*.

The publishers will send a specimen copy of *Scribner's Monthly* to any subscriber to the *National Repository* on receipt of ten cents. They will send free, to any address, the illustrated pamphlet, containing a history of *Scribner's* and *St. Nicholas*—the latter the famous magazine for boys and girls, conducted by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge.

Regular price \$4.00 a year; 35 cents a number. Subscriptions received by dealers, or remittances may be made direct to the publishers.

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A NEW STORY BY GEO. MACDONALD,

the publishers having recently completed arrangements abroad with Mr. George MacDonald to write and send them the original manuscript of a Serial Story for older readers, which, from its subject and character, Americans will find of greater interest than any of his former books. This story, the title of which will be announced later, will be given complete during 1881, in **Monthly Supplements**, thus giving free to every subscriber one of Mr. MacDonald's longest and finest stories.

Those who remember with delight that charming home story of "Dogberry Bunch" will read with still greater Delight

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Several striking Two-part Stories will appear during the year: **King Philip's Head**, by the Editor of the *Boston Courier*; **Tot, the Dwarf**, by MARGARET EYTINGE, with eight drawings by George Foster, etc.

A New Feature, including **Cash Prizes**, for best Original Stories, Drawings, Puzzles, Inventions, etc., will be introduced during 1881 (full particulars in January number).

And after long consideration of what would best meet growing demands, the editors have decided to add a **Special Department for Boys** (which the girls are also invited to enjoy), which will be

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or what the boys (and girls too) wish to know and ought to know of what the great world is doing, saying, and thinking. This department will be under the able charge of Edward Everett Hale, whose name alone is guarantee of its certain remarkable interest and practical value.

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